BRITANNIA and

Eve

OCTOBER, 1956

TWO SHILLINGS

END OF A MARRIAGE

Make a meal that's a treat with
Norbert Dietch's exclusive recipe for

Haddock Monte Carlo

Ingredients: Two smoked haddock approximately 1 lb. each; 3 eggs; 2 medium onions; 3 tomatoes; 1 oz. butter; ½ pt. cream; teaspoonful tomato purée; salt and pepper to taste.
Method: Steam haddock for 10–12 minutes. For the sauce: Chop onions and fry in butter until golden brown. Add the chopped and peeled tomatoes with tomato purée and cook slowly for 5–10 minutes. Add cream and boil down to smooth consistency. Season to taste.
Poach the eggs, place on top of strained haddock and cover with sauce. Garnish with sliced tomato and parsley.

With over 24 years experience in London's most celebrated restaurants and hotels, Norbert Dietch — now head chef at Scott's famous restaurant, just off Piccadilly — is an acknowledged expert in fish dishes.

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EVE

OCTOBER 1956

VOL. 53 NO. 4

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

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INSIDE INFORMATION

Beauty expert Nan Rivers (page 18) began her training at school—when she cut off most of her eyelashes to make them grow—because *Vanity Fayre* or somebody said so. "I also remember steaming my face to par-boiling point—and stealing cochineal for lip colour." Beauty has been her business almost ever since. Photograph on left was taken at a party in Norman Hartnell's salon. "I'd forgotten all about the date and had rushed off to the office wearing my favourite Marks & Spencer 'little black dress.' My host remarked how nice and fresh I looked! I bet he guessed. . . . Anyway, it was a lovely party. . . ."

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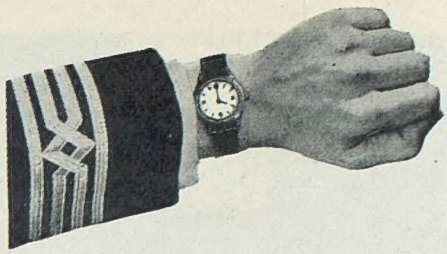

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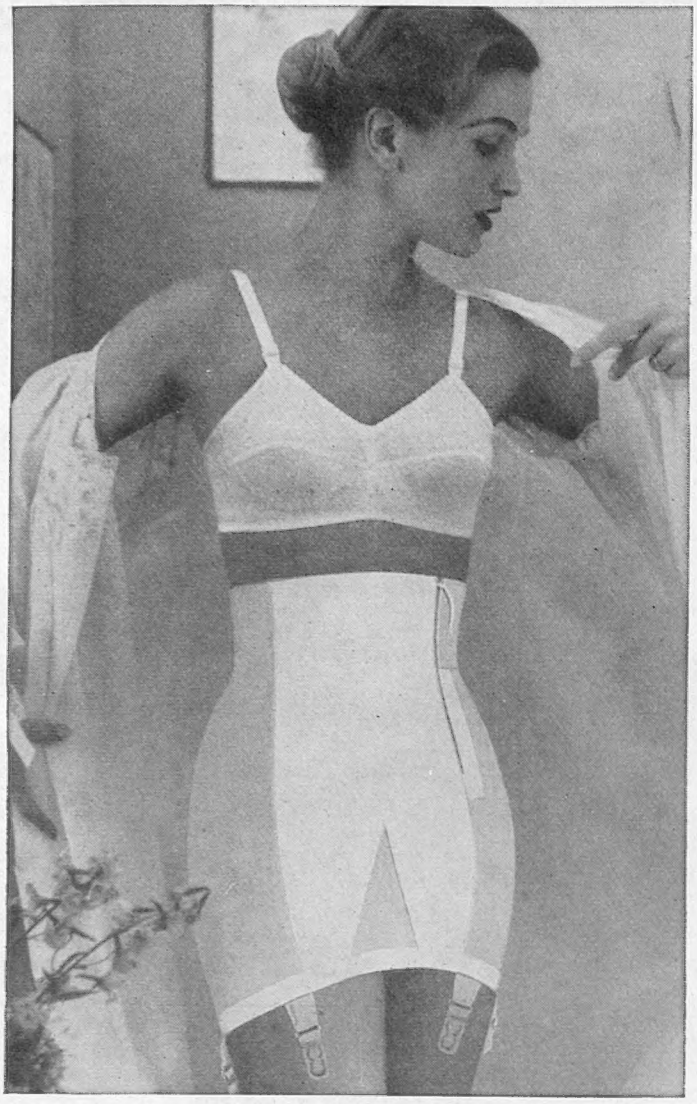

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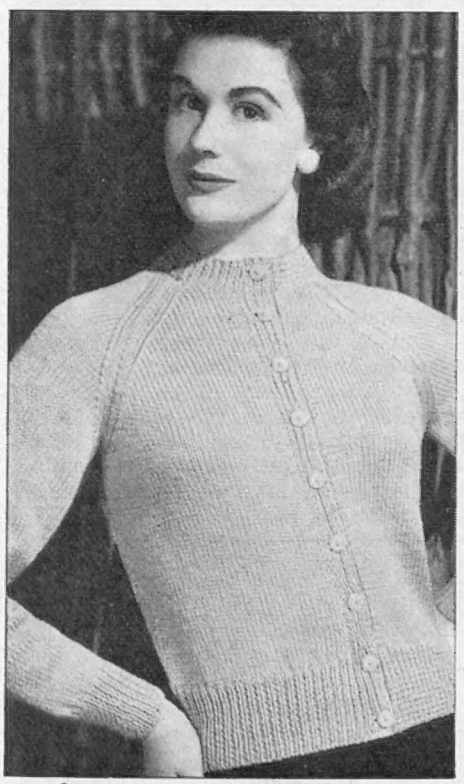

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Surprise your guests with an

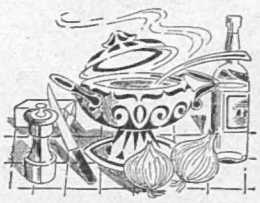
Evening a la Francaise

says Constance Osborn.

The next time you have a few friends to dinner, why not follow the example of Lady Osborn. Entertain your guests with an evening à la Française: typically French food prepared and served the way they do it in Paris or Nice or Aix-en-Provence. Flan de Printemps, say, for the main course, together with wines and, of course, flowers for table decoration — the small touches that make eating on the Continent so much more exciting.

THAT CONTINENTAL FLAVOUR

The first course presents no problems. Soup served with buttered toast starts off a meal with just that right touch of piquancy. But here's a tip. Don't try to compete with Maggi for soups. Maggi Soups are made from exclusive Continental recipes, and they have that real Continental flavour to distinction.



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FLAN DE PRINTEMPS

Here is a recipe particularly popular all over France.

4 Cooked Lamb Chops
2 Hard Boiled Eggs
2 Medium Size Firm Tomatoes
4 Level Tablesp. Cooked Peas
Some Sprigs of Mint
½ pt. Maggi Aspic Jelly flavoured with two sprigs of mint, remove before using.

For pastry: 6 oz. flour. 1 Box Maggi Green Pea and Ham Soup or Maggi Mushroom Soup. 5 oz. Lard or Vegetable cooking fat. Rub fat into flour and Maggi Soup powder. Blend to make short crusty pastry with water or egg and water mixed. Roll out, line in a narrow shallow tin. Bake blind and cool. Cover bottom of pastry case with layer of aspic jelly—almost set—and overlap slices of tomato and hard boiled egg to divide flan case in four. Place Chop or trimmed centre part of meat on aspic. Follow with cooked peas. Repeat until each piece of meat is decorated. Coat with rest of aspic jelly and leave until set. Garnish one end of each piece of meat with sprigs of mint.

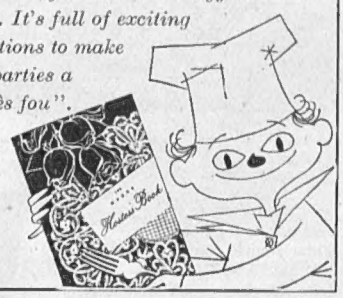
ABOUT THE WINES

To give body to a fairly light main course like Flan de Printemps, try a red Burgundy —a Nuits St. George or a Beaune, or if you prefer Claret, a St. Emilion or St. Julien.

YOUR TABLE DECOR

Finally a word about your dinner table. Make its decoration lively—but not too overpowering. A small basket covered with frilly gingham and filled with small flowers makes a pleasing centre-piece.

MAGGI HOSTESS BOOK.
Why not write to Dept. M104, The Nestlé Co. Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex, for the new 'Maggi Hostess Book'. It's full of exciting suggestions to make your parties a "succès fou".



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STRANGER ON LOVE ISLAND

Clare invaded Axel Munthe's island paradise—"I mean to be one of his friends," she said. The strange, wild-looking man was captivated.

● *She built an exotic villa on the Bosphorus, trekked across the Sahara Desert on a camel, dreamed in the Garden of Allah.*

● *In Russia she carved a bust of Lenin. In Italy she met Mussolini—who locked the door and talked of love. . .*

by TREVOR ALLEN

THIS MONTH we spotlight a brilliant autobiography by Clare Sheridan—sculptor-cousin of Sir Winston Churchill—who became an intimate friend of Axel Munthe, and was invited to San Michele, his romantic villa of treasures.

CLARE SHERIDAN, sculptor-cousin of Sir Winston Churchill, was a romantic twenty-three when Axel Munthe invited her to Anacapri, his idyllic island home.

She first met him when Crown Princess Margaret of Sweden invited her to spend a winter in Stockholm where he was attending the Queen.

She found him "a strange, wild-looking man who ran knotted fingers through his hair, paced back and forth and drummed impatiently on the window-pane. He wore black glasses and rough homespun tweeds; he was bearded, dishevelled and unkempt."

He told her he had four houses on Capri: Torre di Materita, where he lived; Torre Guardia, to lend to friends; one the Queen occupied on her visits; and San Michele, for his art treasures.

"I mean to be one of those friends," she said to the Princess.

Munthe, an insomniac with diseased eyes which could not stand sunlight, made her get up at seven and walk with him for an hour before breakfast, talking of Italy.

ONE morning, she discloses in a brilliant autobiography, *To the Four Winds*,* he suddenly pushed her into a deep roadside ditch where she could lie hidden and told her not to move. The Queen rode by and they exchanged greetings.

"Presumably," Mrs. Sheridan comments, "she was ignorant of our early walks . . . it had not occurred to me that the Queen could mind. She seemed to me beyond the age of romance." But Munthe was intimate friend as well as medical adviser.

He offered to lend Mrs. Sheridan Torre Guardia, a Saracen watch-tower 1,000 ft. sheer over the sea. There, one heavenly spring, she was installed while her mother and maid occupied a small house across the garden.

"I seemed to be reliving the past when the gods were a reality," she enthuses. "From this time Munthe became Tiberio. He lived amid the foundations of the Emperor's palace and (*Continued overleaf*)

* Deutsch, 25s.

Stranger on Love Island

(*Continued from previous page*)

he had both the faults and the qualities of Tiberius."

Every morning they met in the olive groves. When he was in a good mood she was Artemis and the gods were their companions, but if he hadn't slept he could be irritable and a bully, complaining: "You kill me with your vitality. You do not need me, you only want my mountain."

Walking back from the village one day she pulled up her skirt to untie a lace-flounced petticoat that hampered her stride. Irritably, he forbade her to remove it. She dropped behind, and then caught up with him, carrying it on her arm. Furious, he struck out at her, and sent her reeling against a stone wall so that she skinned her forearm. "Serve you right," he said.

Another day, as they were climbing the mountain to Barbarossa's castle, he suddenly stopped, removed his glasses, stared into her eyes.

"IT was as though one had been stabbed. I cried out: he laughed, replaced his glasses, and we proceeded without comment." Shortly after this she dreamed that a one-eyed Cyclops monster climbed the ladder to her room in a blaze of light, stood by her bed, and from his eye shone a blinding light in her face. The next morning, before she could speak, Munthe said: "I know you have had a bad night; I am very glad. Now to-day you will be a little tired. You kill me with your vitality."

During the day-glare, which kept him indoors, she sketched, mostly in his Materita garden with its orange trees, geranium pergolas, acanthus-bordered paths. His house had Greek carved marble doorways, windows with twisted columns, a marble sphinx on the terrace. Periodically he would produce some marvellous Greek relic, saying that in ancient times a ship on its way to Rome with Greek art treasures had been wrecked near the island.

SO enthralled was she with Anacapri's beauty that when her mother decided to return to England for Edward VII's funeral Clare conspired with Munthe to be "too ill to travel." A stiff, neat brandy produced a convincing flush, so she was permitted to stay on with the maid. The evening mother left, Clare supped at Materita and danced a tarantella on the terrace with "Vecchia Maria," Munthe's maid, who laughed till she fell in a heap.

Those Anacapri months were, she says, "the happiest of my life . . . sheer undiluted, unclouded joy, of a kind I have never known since." When at last she had to leave, Munthe accompanied her and the maid as far as Rome, where daily he brought her cherries from the market, strewed her breakfast-tray with violets.

Now that she had tasted freedom and the life she loved, he said, she would find it more than ever difficult to live at home. So she must marry. She replied that she could marry only an Italian as she must live in Italy. No, he said, Italy should always be a garden, a holiday—not a cook-house, wash-house and nursery. Later, at news of her marriage, he wrote her an exquisite letter that made her cry. It ended: "But I intend to dream a lot, maybe even of you a little, now and then, with dear voices from a blue sea murmuring in my ears, and a scent as of rosemary and myrtle under my pillow. But Artemis is gone—you remember no mortal man could ever call her his—and Artemis you are no more. As to poor old Tiberio, he will soon be 1,900 years old. The old Tyrant has grown so rickety and weak in his old age and so sleepy that I suppose nobody shall want to kill him off, and that he may remain in his rock-Tower, harmless, inoffensive and benevolent, ready to welcome you to his lonely island whenever you want to come."

COME she did one day, with Wilfred, her husband. Hearing Vecchia Maria's joyous shouts at the gate, all Clare's *contadini* friends came hurrying to greet her and kiss her hands.

Munthe seemed unmoved. "Are you not surprised?" she asked. "*Sapristi!*" he said. "One must never be surprised at anything you do." Wilfred shook hands stiffly, was almost pompous, while Munthe talked easily.

After tea they were shown into San Michele with its mosaic floors, lovely Italian furniture. Munthe pulled open the heavy oak door. Beyond, a pergola winding round the hill overlooking Capri and the Bay of Naples, a red and gold sunset behind Ischia. . . .

"Wilfred exclaimed in wonderment. It all happened so smoothly and yet so suddenly. Wilfred was patting him on the back and calling him 'My dear Doctor,' and Tiberio was calling him 'My dear boy,' and offering to lend us San Michele, on condition that we stayed not less than a week."

After Wilfred's death in the 1914 war, she started modelling, became a famous sculptress. She visited Russia, did a bust of Lenin, met Trotsky and other Bolshevik leaders.

AS New York *World* correspondent, she ranged the globe east and west, saw the pitiable Greek refugees stampeding from Smyrna, met Mustapha Kemal, Mussolini (who locked the door, told her, "You are a woman for whom one could have a great passion," then assumed—mistakenly—that she would stay the night) and other world figures.

Vividly she recalls them, linked with political events which are already dodo history. But I think it is her zest for lovely places that makes her book a must for every intelligent woman. The long trek across Russia to Yalta and the Crimea, the desert camel-trek from Biskra to Ghardaia across a Saharan wilderness, halcyon days at her Thérapia villa on the Bosphorus, the exotic home she built for herself at Biskra, her dream-wanderings in Hichens' Garden of Allah—the inveterate vagabondage that makes her an artist in words as well as clay, a nomad in the unique Hester Stanhope tradition.

OUT go the draughts DOWN go the fuel bills when you know the way to insulate your home easily and cheaply

by ELEANOR LAWSON

HERE is the picture of the way to keep your home warm and free from draughts this winter . . .

CEILING.—You can simply, effectively and inexpensively reduce the amount of heat lost through the roof of your house by insulating the ceiling on the top floor. This insulation not only will retain warmth in winter, but will keep out the sun's heat in summer.

There are four kinds of material which are excellent for ceiling insulation: wool blanket, loose fill, aluminium foil and composition board. All are light in weight, rot and fire-proof—and vermin can't stand the stuff!

The simplest method is to roll a flexible blanket of glass or mineral wool across the joists, letting it droop a little. The blanket edges should overlap by 3 ins. Or you can lay the blanket snugly between the joists instead of on top. There are several types on the market: Fibreglass, Rocksil, Versil or Slagbestos.

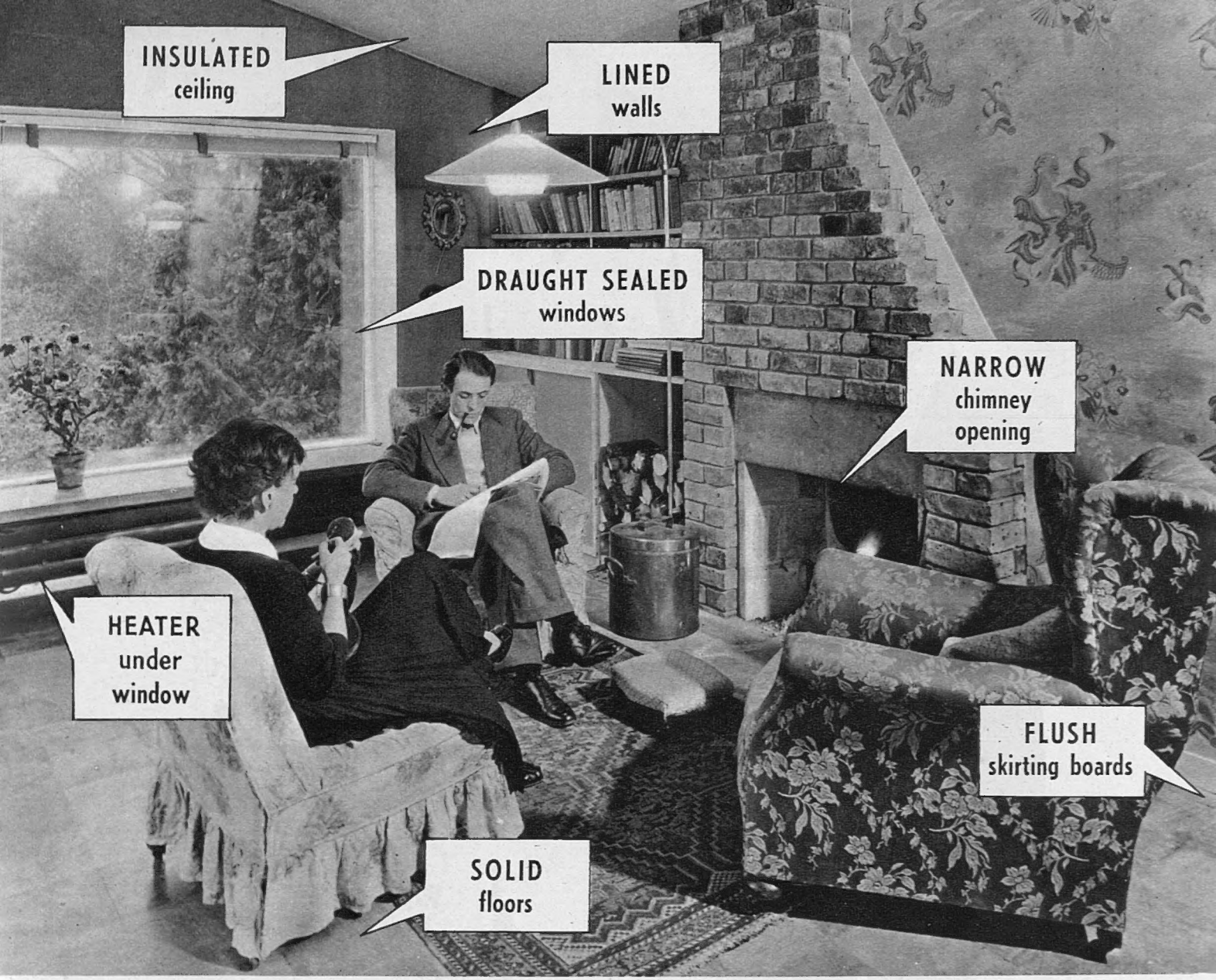
If the ceiling has awkward corners, or if the width between joists varies, use "loose fill," packed 2 ins. deep. You have a choice of Vermiculux, Loose Rocksil, Vermiculite, Loose Slagbestos, Insulex, Micafil or Stillite.

THE great advantage of aluminium foil is its lack of bulk. Like the wool blanket, it is sold in rolls and can be laid over or between the joists. There are several kinds: plain sheet, plain and corrugated combined, and an aluminium-paper sandwich. It is the corrugated which you lay either over the joists, allowing an overlap, or between them. In the latter case, it can be bought in a width to fit snugly. Alternatively, plain sheet can be lightly crumpled and laid between the joists, with sheets of sandwich sheet laid over the tops. Excellent brands are Ardor or Alfol. The aluminium should be nailed or stapled when laid on the joists.

Lastly, there is fibre or plaster-board. This has only to be nailed into position. The choice of brands is wide: Celotex, Stramit, Asbestolux, Paramount Plaster-Board, and many others.

WALL LININGS.—Loss of heat through the walls can be effectively reduced either by the use of the composition boards mentioned above, or by mixing certain kinds of loose fill with plaster.

FLOORS.—If you suffer from a draughty floor, the best solution is to close carpet it, or to lay linoleum. Or try filling up the gaps with thin fillets of wood; a mastic sealing compound is also good. Chamberlin's Plasti-Calk is made for this purpose. If the floor is cold as



DOWN WITH DRAUGHT!

well as draughty, cover it with sheets of insulating fibre building board, as an underlay to carpet or linoleum.

SKIRTINGS.—Use a candle or a match to test for draughts between the skirting and the floorboards. The best way to seal these gaps is with quarter-round strips of wood, nailed to the floor close up to the skirting. Plasti-Calk can also be used.

FIREPLACE.—The chimney opening is often larger than it need be. With solid fuel stoves and gas fires which have a fuel nozzle at the back, you can cover the fireplace over with sheet metal or asbestos. Leave a hole to take the nozzle, and in the case of the gas fire make it a bit too large, to allow for ventilation. If you use an electric fire, cover your fireplace over with plywood or hardboard, leaving a small hole for ventilation.

WINDOWS AND DOORS.—Gaps caused by wear, warping or bad workmanship can be filled with putty, plastic wood or a mastic sealing compound. If the gaps are really bad, call in a joiner.

For a tight seal around a door or window opening, use metal stripping. The easiest to apply is made by the Rollet people, called "Easy-to-Fit." Another is Chamberlin's weatherstripping, supplied in plain or interlocking form. A third make is "Atomic Strip." Both these are guaranteed for ten years, as is "Hermeseal," which is installed by the firm's own staff.

For those troublesome "under-the-door" gaps, especially where water comes in, Chamberlin's make a "Water-Bar" Threshold Seal, as well as an "In-Dor" Seal. Both are claimed to be perfect and permanent. Rollet and Hermeseal also make threshold draught-excluders.

The modern way to keep out whistling window draughts is to install double windows. Tomo have a wide range to fit every possible type of casement, and will make any of them to specification. Chamberlin's Insulate Window is the latest addition to their large range, and can be adjusted to fit individual needs. Here again there is a ten-year guarantee.

THOSE IMPOSSIBLE DRAUGHTS.—You cannot block all the air from a room, but the little that is necessary for ventilation can be warmed as it enters. Put a heater under the window (a low-consumption radiator is ideal) and a single-bar type above the door.

LAGGING.—The lagging of pipes and tanks is a practical, money-saving proposition. You pay just as much for the heat that is wasted. It is wise to lag hot flow and return pipes where there is a free run of 10 ft. or more.

Tank or cylinder jackets can be bought to specification, but you can make your own. Make a quilt with mineral or glass wool and cloth to fit, and hold it on with tapes or wire. An immersion heater requires to have a wooden housing, with a 3-in. space at sides and top into which you pack loose fill. Pipes are wrapped with strips of insulating blanket, or you can buy moulded sections of glass or mineral wool.

Always lag over pipes and tanks in the roof space, even cold water ones, in case of freezing weather.

What's the latest fashion in furnishing? John Fraym Turner's answer is in . . .

Photograph by Michael Murray

BLACK AND WHITE

IT STARTED in the kitchen with black and white tiles. Cautiously the tiles spread into the hall, then the living-room. . . .

And in the living-room—for a black and white floor—a black rug. For a black rug, a white upholstered chair. As a foil for a white chair, a bold, stark-as-a-newspaper-headline wallpaper.

And so begins a new trend.

Watch it grow. First one wallpaper from one manufacturer—now a dozen. First one white-covered chair—now a whole range. On and on it goes.

Why ? Because Black and White is dramatic, sophisticated. Because Black and White is so RESTFUL. Try it.

☆ ☆ ☆

In a slightly surrealist setting—S. W. Display's black rod record-holder for fifty-two discs, £3 12s. Wallpapers—Hayworth's decanter theme, 36s. 10d. per piece : Cole's Newsprint pattern ; in the foreground Cole's white-dotted design, 21s. 2d. Homelay Marley floor tiles, 1s. 3d. each. Over the glass fibre chair by Aidron Duckworth (Fledgeling, 14 gns.) is David Whitehead's cotton boucle fabric Sickles, 27s. 6d. a yard. Midwinter's Nature Study pottery on the Sicilian marble top of Terence Conran's coffee table. Cup 3s., saucer 1s. 10d., plate 3s. 5d., coffee pot 26s. 2d., table £12 14s. 8d.

Harlequin chair in black and white leather. Seat and back built up with Dunlopillo. In two sizes. Made to order by J. B. Products (and with armrests), £26 6s. 10d. Settee to match

● *This is the story of a young mother whose first child was born after hours of pain-racked labour. She longed for a second yet was tormented by the memory—until she learned of the Grantly Dick Read method of childbirth*

● *This is her discovery—that childbirth and pain are NOT inseparable. She believes that the vast majority of women suffer needlessly because they are misinformed or do not understand the natural process of labour*

by

NICOLE

HARRIS-JONES

'I WAS AFRAID

I WATCHED the hands of the clock ticking towards each spasm of torture.

Every five minutes throughout that night of terror the pain came. . . . Afterwards, I lay trembling, sweating with dread as I waited for the next time.

Mercifully, when I was at breaking point, an anæsthetic blanketed out my world of agony in the hospital ward. . . .

When I came round, they held up my new-born son to me. I should have stretched out my arms to him in the joy of motherhood.

Instead, weak, exhausted, with the memory of terror still clinging to me, I cried : " Take him away. He 's hideous ! " Pain seemed to have killed my love for him.

The doctor made anxious clucking noises and quickly gave me something to make me sleep. . . .

That is the story of how I had my first baby. For the first two or three days I felt no bond between us, no maternal feeling when they brought him to me.

The doctor said it was because I was exhausted by a very long—though perfectly normal—labour and I would get over it.

All *was* well by the time I left hospital, although I still felt weak and tired.

Then came the day when I knew I was to have another child. And I was afraid. . . .

All through the waiting months, fear of what I knew lay ahead overshadowed my pleasure at the thought of the baby—the daughter we longed for.

This, I decided, was to be my last. Two children. No more.

We decided she should be born at home.

Six weeks before the baby was due I met a young midwife who was most sympathetic and understanding. She suggested I try the Grantly Dick Read method of natural childbirth. I was dubious about its success but decided to try it. Anything was better than what I had been through before.

The broad outline of the theory is quite

How many mothers would dare to confess the fear which overshadows months of waiting?

to have my baby'

simple—childbirth is nothing more than a tremendous rhythmic muscular effort. A man taking part in a boat race wouldn't be expected to row successfully without weeks of training—and mothers must train for the effort of childbirth.

The very word "labour" means hard work—*not pain*. The training consists of a series of exercises, usually begun in the sixteenth week of pregnancy. Mention exercises to a busy housewife and mother and she will promptly tell you that she hasn't time to waste on such things, but most of the active exercises can be done at the same time as her housework. Every expectant mother should rest for a while during the day and she can then practise the Read exercises designed to teach her to relax completely and absolutely at will.

It is fear and the inability to relax which cause the pain of labour.

There are three stages in labour and different things occur in each, but throughout all three a muscular squeezing of the uterus takes place at regular intervals. This squeezing, or contracting, is what is known generally as labour pains.

A mother is nervous and tense and because of her emotional state the muscles of the cervix are tightened so that the contractions, pushing the baby against the wall of resistance, cause pain. With the pain, the fear and nervousness increase so there is a vicious circle.

A mother who is completely relaxed and fully understands what is going on, experiences no more than a dull ache.

Breathing exercises teach her this.

All these exercises take time to perfect and it is better to practise for a short period daily for several months rather than try to hurry through in a few weeks.

Unfortunately I had only a few weeks left for practise, so I concentrated on relaxing and breathing.

MY second labour started. The nurse arrived and I went to bed, feeling rather apprehensive. The contractions were coming strongly at four- to five-minute intervals. Lying in the relaxed position I began to breathe slowly and steadily, saying "in, out, in, out" to myself.

The effect was extraordinary. The sharp pains vanished and in their place I could feel the muscles contracting.

The sensation was rather like a gigantic tummy rumble. After a short while I felt sleepy and this half-conscious state lasted for nearly twelve hours. The nurse told me that the doctor came but didn't disturb me as I was sound asleep.

The second stage started abruptly, and here I was not successful as there had been so little time to practise. However, the stage was short. A few whiffs of trilene and an 8¾-lb. daughter arrived. *Instantly I felt a surge of joy and a tremendous feeling of well being—totally different to my first confinement.*

Such was the success of my experiment that our third child arrived fourteen months later. Labour lasted for nearly eighteen hours, but the whole thing was a hazy dream. In fact, the nurse was caught unawares and was still struggling into her mask and gown as the baby arrived.

So many mothers feel tired and worn out for weeks, sometimes even months, after childbirth. The Read method trains one for the ordeal with the maximum co-operation with Nature, and the minimum exhaustion to the mother.

Having experienced childbirth with and without an anæsthetic I would say that mothers who are given it miss that sensation of triumph and achievement, the highlight and crowning of the entire nine months' waiting and the confinement itself.

Now you can *hear* the miracle of birth

DAVID USILL is the star of the most remarkable record ever made. His birth five months ago was supervised by Dr. Grantly Dick Read according to his "natural childbirth" teachings *and recorded on a* 12-*in. L.P.* It includes the sound of his heartbeats picked up by a pencil microphone beside the doctor's stethoscope *an hour before his arrival.*

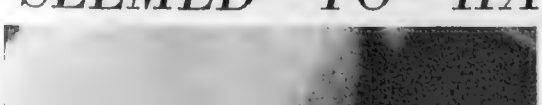
When his mother, 33-year-old Mrs. Dillon Usill, decided to follow Dick Read's system of breathing, relaxation and exercises, her husband, Harley Usill, managing director of the Argo Record Company, had the idea of recording the birth.

She told me she hoped this record of a 12-hour anæsthetic-less labour, showing no cause for fear or anxiety, will be of value to future mothers.

The soft, so soothing voice of Dick Read, the gentle humour of her conversations with him, the drama of the moment when he told her "It 's a boy," and the delight and wonderment in her voice as she gasped, "*Oh! . . . Beautiful! . . . His eyes are open,*" and then, "*Oh, he 's got a nose like Harley's!*"—these things that no professional artists could attempt to capture make the most beautiful and moving record I have ever heard.

"Natural Childbirth" (Argo) is sold with notes and an illustrated book explaining the Dick Read teachings. HENRY LEWIS.

SEEMED TO HAVE KILLED MY LOVE



THREE MEN AND ME IN A BOAT

Even the dogs must be photogenic in the strange film world where anything can happen — and usually does

by ANGELA CROOME

"DARLINGS . . . whoever comes from the Studio has GOT to bring EIGHT d-o-g-s. . . . Tell Ernie he must send ALL the dogs he can find. . . ."

I wasn't quite in focus. It was early, very early on a midsummer morning by the river bank at Hampton Court. There was a magic in the faint trace of heat-haze beyond the trees. . . .

But in the heaving and strife by the Palace gates was a different sort of magic—a film-world magic that can conjure up eight photogenic dogs from nowhere in around ten minutes.

A film was being made—a large-cast, funny film in colour. . . .

The harassed voice boomed at me again. This time through a microphone a hundred yards away from where it had asked for all the dogs Ernie could find. . . . "Ready everybody! All clear in the bushes there? Right. LET 'S GO!"

In my saunter along a quarter-mile of towpath the approach to the film world was marked by strange finger-posts. They flipped by faster and closer together the further I went.

At first, stranded quietly under a chestnut-tree, one of London Transport's oldest motor-buses.

THE bus leant rakishly away from the dirt-road's camber, empty, unattended, yet complete even to its pendant dinner-bell and mackintosh lap-capes for the "outside" passengers to wear in the rain.

Several hundred yards away came the next signs—the caravans which were the principals' dressing-rooms. Then the hideous noise of the mobile generating plant for the camera and lighting equipment.

Now a lot of film-making flotsam—props (like the white wicker-work Victorian pram), extras in tight Edwardian outfits fanning themselves with boaters. At a landing-stage a motor-launch with a deck-chair perched on top of it.

Now more and more people talking together at the top of their voices . . . cameras . . . a trail of cables . . . floodlights . . . the row of folding canvas chairs under the trees . . .

"DARLINGS," said the voice. "We must have EIGHT dogs . . ."

I had arrived. This was the other side of the screen.

THE film was a version of that classic of father's youth, Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat." In Eastman colour and CinemaScope. starring Laurence Harvey, Jimmy Edwards and David Tomlinson.

"It 's been filmed before," publicity man Vic Betts told me. "Small screen, black and white. That was in 1931. It took the biggest dive in history . . ."

"Girls . . . there isn't much about them in the book," said Ken Annakin, the Director. "We 've brought them forward a bit—nothing overdone, of course. We 've brought the date forward, too . . . the Edwardian period was so much prettier."

Another thing that had been "brought forward" was the scene in the Maze. Girls came into that too.

I supposed I had come to Hampton Court to watch it. But when the shooting script was being prepared aerial photographs were taken of the Maze. They showed it was alarmingly thin on top—so the art department set to work with hacksaws and ran one up in the grounds of Shepperton Studios.

Harvey, Edwards

I watched the preparation of a "take"—one of the minute fragments of a scene. Laurence Harvey (Larry to everyone) had been mopped off and brushed by the dresser. He was in gaudy boater, blazer, flannels and heavily encumbered by luggage—including a banjo in an oilskin-case.

But at the moment the banjo was on the ground. Kneeling beside it was a balding little man, stitching frantically at the handle of the oilskin case. Stars, cameramen, extras were watching and waiting. . . . The little man bit off the thread and handed the case to Harvey to test. He swung it, nodded and the take got under way.

IT was the last take outside the gates. There was a half-an-hour gap while apparatus was hauled to the next location. While members of the camera team peered at the sun through different-coloured filters and nodded their heads at each other—for all the world like children during a solar eclipse—the Director, in a fishing-hat, stalked about with a view-finder. Carpenters dashed back and forth solemnly tacking bits of plank into the gravel path with nails that weren't long enough.

Over towards the river, extras on call, stand-ins, three starlettes, the dressers, and a knot of sightseers, sat or stood sunning themselves and gossiping.

Peter Bolton, the assistant Director, was hurrying backwards and forwards. Suddenly he let out a howl as he saw

Photographs by Ray Hearne

and Tomlinson—a ducking is all in a day's work

Shirley Eaton, the pretty twenty-year-old ex-pantomime chorus-girl, lying in a deck-chair, sunning her shoulders.

" Look what Shirley's doing ! She 'll get all burnt up . . . Someone—for GOODNESS sake—SOMEONE stop her PLEASE !"

The make-up man shot past me muttering like an agitated White Rabbit. Shirley was in danger of catching too much sun. And if she was the wrong colour for studio shots, hours would have been wasted in toning her down again to match the rest of the colour-print. . . .

THE " take " began. It featured Larry, Lisa Gastoni and Jill Ireland. The stand-ins who had been in position to provide a focus for the camera angles were dismissed.

But Larry was " in conference " with publicity man Vic Betts. He was briefing him in a highly confidential manner about lunch at the riverside hotel —if there should be a lunch-break.

" Larry ! Come on, we 're waiting for you ! " Larry's eyes, looking almost sky-blue in contrast with his ochre make-up, snapped. He took a couple of steps scene-wards, swooped back and hissed—" and don't forget the wine. Make sure they put some bottles on ice NOW . . ."

" Amazing guy," said one of the by-standers. " Fools around all the time, then goes slap into the part—just like that ! "

As soon as the day's shooting was over Larry had to make a dash for the West End, where he was appearing with John Clements in " The Rivals."

I moved in close to the shooting to follow events.

Here is a brief chronology of what happened on the shooting of Scene 84 as it was officially called.

Take 1 : The command " Roll the camera ! " had just been given when a large affectionate Labrador (no relation to the eight dogs on order from the Studio) bounced across the grass and began rubbing against Lisa Gastoni's ankle-length white dress. Lisa was electrified : one muddy paw on the skirt and there would be an hour of precious shooting-time wasted. " Nice doggy," she purred. " But for HEAVEN'S SAKE GO AWAY ! . . ." The dog beat her about the legs with half-a-yard of heavy and not-too-clean tail. " Someone call him off, can't you ? " The dog padded off to a new friend. Take 1 recommenced.

" ALL clear there in the bushes still ? " bellowed the Assistant Director. All of five avenues converging on to this central gravel had to be invisibly patrolled against the ordinary visitors to the Palace who might stroll on to the set in modern clothes at a crucial moment. A far-way, twig-filled mouth bumbled : " Yes, checked it."

" Start shooting," said the Director.

Extras in ones and twos and threes sprang to life in all directions. Larry Harvey came forward slowly dragging his suitcases. " Stop ! " said the Director. " Sorry, Larry, you 've got to go quite fast, to get THERE . . ." he pointed " for your little chat with the girls. Because of the camera-angle, you see. You' ll have to trot. . . . Let 's have it again . . ."

Take 2 : Larry trotted—but too far.

Take 3 : Larry trotted just right. Everything was fine—until the aeroplane came over. And it was quite loud enough to have drowned the recording, said the sound boys.

Take 4 : It wasn't an aeroplane but the raised voices of a couple of technicians that spoiled the sound-track.

Take 5 went off pretty well. . . . " But a character shot across at the end," said the Director sadly.

Take 6 was delayed at the outset by the clapper boy who licked his slate to wipe off No. 5. We waited for the slate to dry. . . . He chalked up No. 6—and then the Labrador got into the action again. He was led away in disgrace by a carpenter.

There were more aeroplanes during **Take 7.**

The next " take " was IT—until the camera crew complained that the actors were badly off their marks.

After that came the final " take." Before the half-hour break for lunch a London Transport bus-driver in an Edwardian rig appeared for inspection. " FINE ! " said the Assistant Director, ". . . . but look, old boy, you can't wear an old Etonian tie . . ."

I walked back along the towpath in search of lunch. Then I saw them.

Tied at 20-yard intervals along the railings were carefully ranged EIGHT dogs. . . .

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS

The young man was stunned. Lucky Helga to be so lovely, thought Bridget

by NORAH BURKE

FROM their balcony, the girls could look out over the lake to the snow mountains which stood like crystals on the blinding blue of the sky. "I suppose your Christmas was all parties, Helga? Just one proposal after another?" they teased. "It must be dull coming back to school."

Helga Arden smiled roguishly, and her eyes and mouth were delightful for smiling. She was a big, fair Nordic type, who had been fully developed and quite exquisite at fourteen. Now, at seventeen, she was the accepted beauty of this Swiss finishing school. Everyone admired the masses of fair—but not golden—hair, the lake-blue eyes, the complexion. Viking blood must flow in her because she swam and sailed and rode so beautifully. One hoped she would not grow any taller, of course, nor talk of nothing but horses.

There were ten or a dozen girls on the balcony, chattering about their holidays, and eating good Swiss chocolate with their strong young teeth.

"Come on, Helga! How many proposals?"

HELGA looked as if she were counting, and in the silence a little dark girl said something.

"What was that, Bridget?"

Bridget Arden repeated her remark in a slightly louder voice. She often said things so quietly she had to say them again.

"It was three, Helga," she reminded her beautiful sister with shy pride.

"Oh darling, surely not."

"But yes," the child flushed. "There was Beau and Everard and that tall one who——"

"Stop! Stop!" Helga put her hands over her ears. She looked up, laughing. "Don't give them all away!"

Bridget shrank up like a touched sea-anemone. "Sorry." She fidgeted with her necklace, a coral one left over from childhood. "Sorry, Helga."

"Doesn't matter, darling. As you get older, you 'll learn not to mention names. Dangerous. You never know when a wife is listening!"

"Sorry," said Bridget again, but in the general giggle nobody heard her.

She watched her lovely sister with adoration. There she sat now, the beautiful Helga Arden, fair and tall, with the lake and snow peaks behind her, and the girls chattering to her in French since it was French Day at the *pensionnat*: on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays they spoke German.

Cold snow-cleaned air was blowing up from the lake over the vine-fields, bringing with it the scent of clean things like snow and washed laurel leaves and a lake made of melted glaciers.

Bridget caught this fragment of beauty, and something inside her surged like a wave. She stood tranced, a smile lighting her plain, dark face and large eyes.

It seemed hardly possible that she was sister to the golden Helga. Almost from birth, Helga had been a prize baby with the flaxen curls, blue eyes and shell-pink skin of angels; while Bridget was a little thin, dark elfin child.

AT fourteen, Helga ceased to be a pretty youngster, and matured into absolute perfection—gay, vital, popular, successful, wherever she went. Nor would she attend any party without Bridget.

"I 've got a sister just beginning to be grown up," she would say. "Is she invited too?"

So Bridget, in the dress which was becoming a little tight across the bosom for Helga, would go to the party too.

That was in the holidays. But here at the Villa Chamonix there would be no more parties for the time being. The girls would not be going home again now till August, because the short Easter holiday was to be spent on a tour in Italy. For two terms there was absolutely nothing to look forward to except the annual dance at the end of the summer term when Helga and most of her friends would be leaving. Helga rose and stretched like a young lioness. Stopped in the middle, transfixed. There was the sound of a train, the long shining rails thundering into the clear air.

"Biddy, the train! We must fly!"

She and Bridget fled from the balcony, snatched up their coats and satchels, and raced like greyhounds for the station.

Helga, flushed and vivid, flung herself down in the corner of a carriage and crossed her long attractive legs. Bridget sat beside her, drawing breath, putting back her dark hair behind her ears.

There was a man there. He gazed, stunned, at Helga.

HE was an eager young Swiss, dark, good-looking, with probably a dash of Italian blood in the French.

All the girls carried books in their satchels so that they never sat unoccupied in the train, and could thus be known at a glance for *jeunes filles sérieuses*, and no stranger need attempt a conversation.

Helga immediately got out a book, but all the way to Geneva the young Swiss gazed at her.

When she stood up to get out, the satchel fell and all the books were scattered.

"Mademoiselle?"

"Thank you so much, Monsieur."

"Ah, Mademoiselle is English? American?"

"Oh dear, is my accent so bad that you knew at once?"

"But no, it is perfect."

"We come from the Villa Chamonix. This is my little sister," said Helga, drawing Bridget forward as she always did.

"*Enchanté, Mademoiselle.*"

"You are a (*Continued on page* 62)

'THOSE TERRIBLE WORDS—WERE

ARDEN

Here, in the mirror, was the answer. She must never let her sister discover it

Illustrated by Doria Behr

THEY TRUE?'

A HOUSE

The house cost £2,600 to build. And it faced Joyce and John Frayn Turner with a problem. Would the rooms in its area of only 990 square feet seem cramped and colourless? How to add character to them without the expense of decorators' bills? Then came the IDEA. They started—with a £5 note and a lot of imagination—to change one wall in each room . . .

In the living-room (above) they chose the fireplace wall for a sweep of Imperial red emulsion paint to give a richness to the room, and contrast with the other walls in pale green and a lemon ceiling. Cost of the paint was 14s. 3d. Acid and black curtains, grey settee, grey and red chairs, forest green carpet and medium green Accotiles in the rest of the colour scheme. The house (left) was small, but well-built. From its windows there is a panoramic sweep of over 30 miles of Surrey countryside

TRANSFORMED FOR £5

Impossible? Here's the secret. Dramatise ONE WALL in each of the main rooms. Result: a small modern house takes on a new distinction

IN EACH ROOM— AN ODD WALL OUT

Behind the bed a warm wallpaper patterned in tangerine, mustard, black and white. Cost of one roll, 11*s. Other walls in lemon, bedspread turquoise. Odd-wall-out in the kitchen was papered in a gay design of apples, asparagus and onions in olive green, red, mustard and white. Cost was* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Three-dimensional design of leaves gives depth and brilliance to the stairs wall. Cost of three rolls of wallpaper in shades of grey with deep red and lemon on a light ground was £2 5*s. In the bathroom three walls of white. One papered with a pink, blue and yellow design on white—cost £1* 0*s.* 5*d.*

TAKE A NEW LOOK IN NAN RIVERS' BEAUTY CLINIC

YOU ARE THE

. . . and this is how you'll be remembered

IT 'S your job to know how to emphasize your own special, individual attraction. Maybe it 's shining hair, a peach-bloom complexion, Dietrich legs. . . . Whatever the spearhead of your appeal—PLAY IT UP.

People will then say . . . *She 's the girl with lovely hair*—because your hair gleams and glows with a life of its own, bounces with such vigorous health and vitality that it never goes unnoticed.

Healthy hair goes with healthy living: adequate diet, exercise and fresh air. In addition, hair needs keeping clean *in the right way.*

The emphasis is on the last four words because it 's easy to do real damage by *washing hair carelessly* with unsuitable preparations. Crude soap and detergents strip out all the natural oil which gives resilience and shine. If the scalp is deprived of too much oil, dandruff and falling hair can result.

One of the safest and most effective forms of shampoo is the soapless cream type. A scientifically blended formula—such as Raymond's S.77—is enriched with penetrative, nourishing oils that actually recondition the hair while cleansing it. It is far wiser to wash over-oily hair with a shampoo of this type than to use strongly de-greasing washes that risk irritating the scalp and weakening the hair.

If the hair has become dried and dandruffy from exposure to hot sun and salt water during the holidays, then shampooing should be followed by a reconditioning cream massage which will very quickly restore springiness and gloss.

Chronic dandruff is a real menace to hair beauty and is to blame for scruffy, drab-looking hair that has no natural gloss or liveliness. There are a variety of medicated treatments available—Selsun Suspension is one of the most effective—but few promise a complete cure. The fact remains that treatment will at least remove the dandruff for the time being, and if it is kept away for long enough it will often disappear altogether.

Brushing is good for the hair for more reasons than most people think. It acts as a *dry-cleaning treatment*—provided, of course, that the brush is always kept scrupulously clean. Brushing—upwards and sideways as well as downwards—*prevents any accumulation of dandruff*, and actively discourages the nuisance by *increasing the scalp's blood circulation.* It also acts as a *polisher*, bringing up a shine just as it does on shoes.

THE most unmanageable type of hair will gradually become well-behaved with expert cutting, shaping and setting. To get the best results, choose a style you like and keep to it so that the hair gradually becomes moulded, week by week, into the same lines. The newest non-lacquer liquid fixatives—like Revlon Satin-Set—are of tremendous help in controlling obstinate hair.

She 's the girl who always looks so fresh . . . because your skin is fine-textured, clear and healthy. And your lip and eye make-up is cleanly applied—never sticky or clogged.

The pale, pretty make-up of 1956 beauty relies on the canvas of a smooth, fine-grained complexion.

Cleanse, lubricate, stimulate—then make-up.

Cleaning is essential. If the accumulated grime of the day is not removed with clinical completeness, the pores become blocked.

Normal to oily complexions can safely be washed with soap and water—provided that the soap is very bland and mild. (Johnson's make a baby variety which is a safe buy.) Coarse, strong soaps easily irritate the skin and cause relaxed and open pores.

IF the complexion is naturally dry, use a special cream washing preparation such as the Cleansing Milk (actually a rich cream mixture) from the American-made Milkmaid range, stocked by Selfridges.

Then lubrication and stimulation. Any good skin food, such as Ponds Dry Skin cream, will help to keep the skin from becoming harsh and dried up, and skin freshener will keep it taut and close-knit.

Remember, the whole secret of good skin care lies in using pure, dependable preparations and in regularity of treatment.

Heavy make-up has its own particular attraction—for special evening occasions. But it seldom if ever looks appealingly fresh and natural for day wear.

There are plenty of powder bases that keep make-up beautifully matt without being at all thick or heavily covering. Dorothy Gray Dual (*Continued on page* 69)

YOU HAVE AN APPEAL—

GIRL
● For beauty . . . "aim at shining hair, a fine, flawless skin and a pale, pretty make-up"
● For charm . . . "a friendly interest, a lively mind — a dash of many ingredients"
PLAY IT UP!

PART TWO OF EVE'S

BRILLIANT SERIAL

The Floods of Fear

THE ACTION SO FAR—*The floods give Bruce Donavan his chance to escape from prison. While escaping, he saves beautiful Elizabeth Matthews from drowning. He drags her to safety in a desolate farmhouse—and, although his time is running out, goes back to rescue two more men from the floods. One is Peebles, the lean, tough thief; the other is Tom Sharkey, the prison guard. Elizabeth is alone in a world of water with three desperate men . . .*

Illustration by Irene Bennett

'YOU'LL COME WITH ME . . . EVEN IF I KILL YOU FIRST'

Elizabeth seemed in a nightmare. She was alone . . . and the men had murder in mind

By John and Ward Hawkins

FOR a few minutes Donavan stared at Elizabeth. Then he turned and went into the other bedroom. There by the bed, he looked down at Tom Sharkey. "You're a tough one," he said. "You'll make it."

"I'll make it, thanks to you." Sharkey's voice was hardly more than a whisper, but there was strength in his pale blue eyes again. "I've been layin' here tryin' to figure out why you did it."

"There was no reason not to."

"Plenty of reason, and you darn well know it. If you'd stayed out of sight for a few months, who could have sworn you were still alive? They'd have ended up calling you dead and buried in the muck somewhere. But now I know you're alive. And now I've got to take you back."

"I'm never going back, Tom."

"D'you think savin' my life could make a difference? I took an oath when I took that job, Donavan. I meant what I said. And I mean to live up to it."

"I know you do, Tom."

"And you're my prisoner. You're going back."

"I'm never going back, Tom."

Colour began to burn in Sharkey's lean face. He stared long and hard at Donavan's quiet eyes. "Then you'd better kill me now," he whispered hoarsely. "Because if I live I'll take you back. That's a promise. I'll take you back if I have to kill you to get you there!"

Donavan nodded. "It's your job to try."

THE things they'd said had brought Elizabeth to the doorway. She was standing there now, shocked, unable to believe the things she'd heard. She could only stare at them. And Peebles, too, had heard the conversation. He came from the other bedroom to push Elizabeth aside.

"What'd I tell you?" he asked. "All you're gonna get for savin' this dirty screw's neck is trouble! You could've let him go. But no, you got to bring him in So you see what happens!"

Elizabeth said: "What are you saying? What is——"

Peebles said: "Shut up!"

Donavan said nothing.

Sharkey, his pale eyes fixed on Peebles now, said: "It doesn't matter what Donavan did for me. I'm only a guard. What matters is what you two did. You were both tried and fairly convicted—Donavan for murder, you for armed robbery. You've got a lot of time to——"

"Oh, no!" Elizabeth said.

Peebles jumped as if he'd been stung. He whirled. "Will you get out of here?" he rasped. "Go on, beat it!" And when she only stared at him with wide eyes, he said: "Donavan, tell her to take a walk."

Donavan looked at her briefly. "She'll hear it sooner or later. She may as well hear it now."

Sharkey said: "You both have got a lot of time left to serve. And it's my job to see that you serve it. You're my prisoners now. Get it through your heads. You're going back."

"Will you get this guy?" Peebles said. "He's flat on his back and shootin' off his mouth like he was nine feet tall and had a rifle in both hands! Why, you. . . ." He reached down suddenly and closed a hand on Sharkey's face, his fingers biting deep. "Who do you think you're talkin' to? A couple o' chumps?"

SHARKEY didn't try to answer, didn't try to escape the hand that held his face. He only stared at Peebles, his pale blue eyes unwavering, relentless and cold.

"Let me tell you something," Peebles said. "We're not going back. Before you make a pass at tryin' to take us, you'd better look around. Where's your rifle? Where's your help? You haven't got 'em, have you? There's just you and us.

"And another thing—what's it going to cost us if we knock you off? You'd be just another stiff floatin' down the river." His fingers sank deeper into the flesh of Sharkey's face. "Y' better think it over, screw," he said. "Think it over twice!"

Sharkey only stared at him.

Elizabeth said: "Let go of him! You're hurting him!"

"And that ain't all I'm goin' to do," Peebles said.

Elizabeth's mind was running wild. She was frantically trying to make sense of what she'd heard, and just as frantically trying to deny she'd heard it.

A murderer? This Donavan was a murderer? And Peebles an armed robber? And Sharkey was a policeman or something? It couldn't be! It couldn't happen to her.

She couldn't believe it. But she had to believe Peebles's fingers digging into Sharkey's face. That was happening now, before her eyes.

"Make him stop," she said to Donavan.

"It's not my fight," Donavan said. He went past her to the doorway.

Elizabeth ran after him. She caught his arm, and stopped him. Her face was twisted, her voice was furious.

"Come back and make him stop, do you hear?"

Donavan looked at her quietly. "Why should I?"

"You heard what he said! He might kill the man!"

"I don't think so," Donavan said. "Not for a while, anyway. Peebles needs time to get himself worked up. But in any case, as I told you, it's not my fight. Peebles is a convict; Tom Sharkey is a guard. They can do their own fighting. I won't take sides."

"But you've got to! Sharkey is sick."

"Then he shouldn't get tough with Peebles."

"But Sharkey is a guard."

"And Peebles is a convict, like myself. It happens that I owe him no more than I owe Tom Sharkey."

"What about me, then?"

"What could I possibly owe you?"

"You saved my life."

"Isn't that enough?"

With that, he turned and went down the stairs. Elizabeth watched him wade into water that reached his chest.

PEEBLES came into the hall and saw her standing against the wall. Peebles had changed oddly. In spite of his small, bony legs and his ridiculous, cut-off trousers, he was strutting. His narrow shoulders were back, his thin chest out-thrust, his stringy arms were held away from his sides, bent at the elbows. Even his voice held a swagger.

"Hey, you!" he said to Elizabeth. "Come here!"

When she didn't respond, he came to her, caught her by an arm and spun her away from the wall. There was fear in her and loathing, but she did not shrink away. The defiance, if it could be called defiance, brought a twisted grin to Peebles's face, a new interest to his eyes.

"Well, well," he said. "Who d'you think you're kiddin'? You're about as tough as a bottle of cream, and don't you think I don't know it. Come on now, straighten up. Give us a good look at you." She didn't straighten up, but he made his long inspection, missing no part of her face or figure, no tear or gap in her jeans and sweat shirt.

"Not bad," he said. "A little skinny for my taste, but not bad at all. I got to hand it to Donavan. Six years in prison, and the first night out he finds himself a woman. First things first, I always say. How come he

(*Continued overleaf*)

Elizabeth screamed as the

(*Continued from previous page*)

run into you?"

"It's none of your business," Elizabeth said.

"So?" Peebles grinned again. "Well, maybe it ain't, since Donavan saw you first. But let me tell you something, chick. You won't have to look far when Donavan gets done with you to find another man. What do you think of that?"

He went down the stairs. Elizabeth listened to his clumsy splashing on the floor below; then, hearing Sharkey moving about in the bedroom, she ran to him. He was a married man with two young daughters of his own; he knew well what the fear in the girl was. He was kind and sympathetic which may not have been wise. She reacted to it by collapsing on the edge of the bed, sobbing uncontrollably. He sat beside her, an arm around her shoulders until the sobbing stopped. Then she wiped her eyes with the heel of either hand.

"Is—is he really a murderer?"

"He's really a murderer." Sharkey could see no point in hiding the truth; the truth might better equip her.

"He was one of a crew of twelve I had trying to save the Humboldt dyke. We were cut off and washed out. The flood killed most of the men, I guess. It set Donavan and Peebles free."

THEY were silent, hearing Peebles in the hall again. He came to the doorway, trailing water. He had a kettle full of home-canned food, a frying pan and a heavy, narrow-bladed boning knife thrust into his belt. He showed them his twisted grin.

"Don't get cosy with that girl," he said to Sharkey. "Donavan saw her first." he left the food and implements in the other bedroom and went to the floor below again.

"He's horrible," Elizabeth said.

"A bad one," Sharkey agreed. "He was serving a term for armed robbery, but he's a lot worse than that. A rotten soul—rotten clear through. Don't turn your back on him. Don't be caught alone with him."

"Oh, Lord!" Elizabeth said. "What are we going to do?"

Sharkey's lean face was sober; his eyes had turned cold again. "I'm going to see them both back in prison. Or dead. I'll do what I can for you. I don't know what it will be, but I'll try, you can be sure of that."

"If you fight with them, they'll kill you!"

"I'm not an easy man to kill."

"Do you have to take them back—to prison, I mean?"

"It's my job."

"I know that. But it's senseless to try. There are two of them against you. Couldn't you say you'd changed your mind even if you really hadn't?"

"That kind of lie would be a waste of breath," Sharkey said. "They know me better. They know I'll never give an inch to them, they know I'll go straight ahead. And it's not as bad as it looks. I'm almost myself again, and when I'm myself, I can handle Peebles in any kind of a fight."

"But Donavan?"

"Donavan could break me in half with his bare hands. But I don't think he will. You don't save a man's life in one hour and kill him in the next. He knew what he'd be up against if he brought me in, but he did it anyway. He's got something else in mind—something besides killing me."

"He'd let Peebles do it," Elizabeth said. "He told me he didn't care what happened to either of you. He said he owed neither of you anything, and he meant it."

"And I told you I can handle Peebles."

PEEBLES, in the hall again, heard this, as Sharkey had meant him to. A second armful of provisions and utensils hit the floor of the hallway, and Peebles came into the room.

The heavy, narrow-bladed knife was in his hand. He stopped halfway to Elizabeth and Sharkey, water dripping from his body and his ragged trousers. Behind his steel-rimmed glasses, his eyes held an ugly shine. He pointed the knife at Sharkey's throat.

"Who can handle Peebles?" he asked.

"I can, you dirty little punk," Sharkey said. He didn't move or lift his voice. "And that knife won't help you. Get close to me with it, and I'll shove it down your throat, butt-first."

"Well, now," Peebles said. "Listen to him, will you? He's real tough. Maybe we ought to find out how tough he really is." He went into a crouch. With his thin body and his cut-off trousers, he would have looked ridiculous if it hadn't been for the knife—the knife was lethal. "Yes, sir," he said softly. "Let's just see how tough you are."

SHARKEY'S only move was a shrug of his lean shoulders that dropped the blanket from him. He seemed relaxed, his large hands resting easily on his knees. He watched Peebles with unwavering eyes that were like chips of pale-blue ice.

"C'mon," Peebles said. "Do I cut you sittin' down?"

"Try to cut me," Sharkey said.

To Elizabeth, this was all impossible, all unreal. It was something from a book or an ugly nightmare. But there was murder in Peebles's twisted face. And Sharkey's face, in a different way, was just as murderous.

They meant what they had said, both of them. They were willing to fight, ready to fight, and one of them would die. And she could only watch with shocked, unthinking disbelief.

"Get up! Get up!"

"Come after me," Sharkey said.

"All right, I'm coming."

Sharkey said: "Get out of the way, girl."

When she didn't move, he put a hand under her arm, lifting her from the edge of the bed and shoved her across the room. Elizabeth stumbled and fell. Sharkey did not see her fall. He had not taken his eyes from Peebles. Peebles came forward slowly, flat-footed, waddling a little. The knife was held low, point up, in his right hand; his left hand was to the side and a little above it.

Just out of reach of Sharkey, he paused. His body weaving in a half crouch, he looked for an opening. Sharkey was perfectly still. Peebles feinted a thrust, and still Sharkey didn't move. When the true thrust came, Sharkey twisted his lean body out of the way and the knife blade missed his chest. And Sharkey's counter move missed. Peebles jerked his wrist out of Sharkey's closing fingers and danced away. Now Sharkey was on his feet.

"This time," Peebles said. "This is the time."

"Let's have it," Sharkey said.

Again Peebles came forward in his weaving half crouch; again Sharkey waited, poised and motionless. Elizabeth on her feet now, backed deep into a corner, watched in staring horror. A scream was building in her throat. Peebles feinted again. Sharkey lifted a little on the balls of his feet, but that was all. The second feint was followed by a quick, true thrust aimed at the flat, bare stomach just above Sharkey's belt—impossible to avoid, but Sharkey avoided it. And this time his countermove did not miss. His hand closed on the wrist above the hand that held the knife and locked there.

Elizabeth screamed.

THE two men were still for a moment, motionless, straining, the knife high in the air. Then suddenly they exploded in a fury of movement. Peebles was short and thin, but his muscles were wire-like, his wild strength nearly equal to Sharkey's. Sharkey held to Peebles's wrist as Peebles threw himself wildly about, twisting and kicking and slugging, trying to get free. Sharkey tried to drive home a crippling blow with his free fist. but he could find no target. Both men fell to the floor, got up and fell again. Now, with Elizabeth's screams filling the room, they lay panting and straining, one trying to break the grip, the other to hold it. And Donavan came at this moment and found them thus.

"Belay that!" he shouted.

It was a harsh, deep-chested command. He came through the door in a bull-like rush. He bent and caught Peebles by the hips, lifting him, tearing him loose from Sharkey's grasp. A kick of a bare foot sent Sharkey sprawling; a heave of Donavan's shoulders set Peebles flying through the bedroom door. The small man struck the wall across the hall and fell, cursing.

Sharkey got up slowly, watchfully. But Donavan had no more time for him. Elizabeth was still screaming.

He caught her by her upper arms. "Stop it!" he said. "Stop it!" Then he

men exploded in a wild fury of fighting

shook her hard until she stopped screaming. He let go of her and she ran to the bed and threw herself upon it, face down. Donavan turned to Sharkey.

"What went on here?"

"Peebles found a knife," Sharkey said. "He decided he'd cut me or try to. I'm sorry you got back so soon."

"Maybe you're lucky I did," Donavan said.

He went to the bedroom door. Peebles was standing in the hall, still furious, but controlling his fury now. The knife was in his belt, he was rubbing his wrist.

"No more of that," Donavan said. "There's meat at the foot of the stairs. Get it up here."

"The screw asked for it!" Peebles said. "He got——"

"Get the meat," Donavan said "Now!"

AND Peebles obeyed. He was back in a moment, half dragging, half carrying the hind quarter of a steer. Donavan looked into the bedroom and saw Sharkey trying to comfort Elizabeth. Donavan followed Peebles into the other bedroom.

"Build up the fire," he said. "I'll cut the meat."

Donavan and Peebles prepared the meal. Canned corn, canned beans, canned tomatoes and meat—a huge quantity of meat. The meat was overfresh and not well cooked, but there was needed strength and energy in it, and Donavan and Peebles both ate enormously. Elizabeth and Sharkey did not come near them. When Donavan and Peebles had finished, there was still food left. Donavan put it in a large kettle.

"You goin' to feed those two?" Peebles asked.

"That's right," Donavan said.

"You the same as told the girl she couldn't eat if she didn't help," Peebles said. "But go ahead, feed her up. She's your baby. Just lay off that Sharkey. Let 'im starve!"

Donavan stared at him. "Any more advice?"

"Donavan, for heaven's sake! All I said was. . . ." He broke off, cursing. "All right! Forget it!"

DONAVAN took the kettle of food into the bedroom across the hall. Sharkey was at the window, he turned. The girl was sitting on the edge of the bed. She had been crying, but she was not crying now. Her face was tear-streaked, but it had firmness. She looked at Donavan, her lips tight.

Donavan said: "What's your name, girl?"

Through tight lips, she said: "Elizabeth Matthews."

"All right, Elizabeth. Here's food for you. It's not too good, but it's hot and it's filling. I want you and Tom to eat. That's an order."

Scornfully she said: "Are you concerned about us now?"

Donavan looked at her a long moment. "I'm less concerned about you than about myself," he said. "I've got to take care of you for a while yet, and I don't want you to be a burden. I want you strong enough to help. There's still rough going ahead." He turned towards the door.

Elizabeth said: "You'd better be concerned!"

Donavan stopped and came about slowly. His voice was quiet when he said: "Just why had I better be concerned?"

Defiantly Elizabeth said: "Because if anything happens to either of us, you'll be held responsible. My father happens to be a very important man in this state. If anything should happen to me or to Mr. Sharkey, you'll pay for it. My father will see to that!"

"I'M impressed," Donavan said. "But not greatly. You see, almost everything that can be done to me has been done. And, in one sense, your father had a hand in it. He's one of the righteous people who sent me to prison for life."

"You're a murderer," Elizabeth said. "Are we supposed to let murderers run around loose?"

"No, of course not."

"You could be killed—that could still be done."

"True," Donavan said. "But Sharkey's already promised me that. I don't know your father. He's a formidable man, I'm sure. But I know Sharkey is a tough one. If I can get past Sharkey, your father will be no worry."

Angrily she said: "What are you going to do with us?"

"You'll see in good time."

"Are you going to give yourself up?"

"Certainly not."

"What are you going to do?"

Soberly Donavan said: "That's my affair."

He turned and went out of the room. In the other room, Peebles, who'd found a whetstone when he'd found the boning knife, was honing the blade towards a razor edge.

DONAVAN put a pan of water on the still-glowing coals of the crude stove and loaded the safety razor with a fresh blade. Peebles got up and closed the door. Then he took up the knife and whetstone and came to sit against the wall beside Donavan.

"This is just between you an' me," he said. His voice was only a little louder than the soft sound the knife made against the stone. "I heard the babe ask you what you figured on doin'—I mean, after we've got out've here. So I'm goin' to ask the same question. Only it's not to be nosey, see? It's a business proposition. You an' me are in the same fix. It makes sense we team up. We could——"

"I'll go my way alone."

"Wait a minute!" Peebles said. "This is a helluva big flood. Whole towns are gettin' washed out. There's a ton of stuff layin' around just askin' to be picked up. And there's this." He held up the knife. "In the right kind of hands, it's as good as a gun. It'll get us a gun. And you're gonna need one. Help too. I'll give you a hand——"

"You'll give me nothing." Donavan's voice was quiet, but it held a cold edge. "Get it straight. I don't care where you go or what you do. But where I'm going and what I'm going to do is my business."

Peebles's eyes held an ugly shine. "Won't tell me, eh?"

"I won't tell you."

"Okay," Peebles said. "No hurry Maybe later."

He went back to whetting the knife. Donavan used the water and the razor. Then he went to stand before the window that looked out over the flood, upstream of the house. The sky was still broken, and where the sun struck there was humid warmth, but there was a black wall of clouds to the north that promised more rain. The level of the flood was still rising. A great volume of water had been needed to cover the flat lands, and there had been a period of slack and slow rise while the river accomplished this. Now the task was nearly completed and the current was returning.

DONAVAN watched the current work on one of the outbuildings—an equipment shed or a workshop—pushing at the upstream wall. The shed was trembling; before long it would be gone. The time it stood would depend upon how much flood-borne wreckage came against it. There was a good deal of it in Donavan's view: uprooted trees, scraps of lumber, fence posts, brush, a kitchen chair floating oddly half erect—all moving idly but steadily downstream. An hour, perhaps two, Donavan thought, and the shed would be gone.

Now his mind turned to the question Elizabeth and Peebles had asked. What was he going to do? It was not a question he would answer for anyone. He would not say, "I'm going to West Mills. And in West Mills I'm going to find a man named Jack Murphy. And this man I'm going to kill." No, he would not say it. But he was going to do it—of that, he was irrevocably certain.

West Mills lay about a hundred miles downstream. He didn't know how he'd get there; the means would come to hand. But he knew the river well. This house stood a mile or two below the Humboldt dyke. Fiddle Island would be a mile or two below this point; Sand Island would be next, then Half-Moon Island, then Lebannon.

LEBANNON just now would be a town in serious trouble—the dykes gone, the streets flooded, power and telephone poles down. But he had no business in Lebannon. He'd stay far offshore and ride the centre of the flood. Past Lemon Island, Johnsonville, Big Molly and Peter's Moorage. In season, in other years, he'd fished the sand bars off Peter's Moorage. Then on to West Mills and Jack Murphy.

He knew the face of Jack Murphy as well as he knew his own—close-cropped sandy hair, near red in certain light, eyes pale green, nose short and straight, ears well-shaped, lying flat against his skull. A handsome man, in a rough-cut way. And big. Jack Murphy was six-three, two hundred and thirty-odd pounds of bone and meat. And where, at night, in the flood-stricken town of West Mills, would he find Jack Murphy?

Donavan knew (*Continued on page 70*)

MAKE A MAGPIE LAMP

Henry Moore gave us the idea, says David Bate—we used chicken wire and papier mâché for a lamp to fit any style room

OUR lamp started as an idea from Henry Moore. Finished, it gives us the impression of Henry Moore himself wearing a topper of magpie feathers. Be that as it may, it makes an attractive mixture which will fit into practically any furnishing scheme.

Unlike the sculptor, neither Barbara nor I can work in stone, so we faked our Moore with papier mâché and chicken wire. It feels real because of the emulsion paint, and even hefts like stone from having sand poured into it.

Basically the lamp consists of a socket arm, slightly curved and leaning inwards, with a supporting arm curving in to just below a lip which forms a base for the lamp fitment. Its attractiveness depends on a balance between the thickness of the arms and the size of the centre space, plus an appearance of being formed with the fingers from wet clay.

This is achieved mainly with the wire foundation, by poking and bending, much after the fashion of working clay itself. Papier mâché covers the holes in the wire just enough to give an impression of finger marks, while following faithfully the larger irregularities.

It is surprising the way in which chicken wire can be worked. Keep at it until you have a pleasing shape, for once the papier mâché is on nothing can be altered to any great extent. If the shape turns out wrong, take it apart and start again from the flat.

The lamp is seven inches high, six long and four wide. The thickness of the arms depends on the width of wire used. Take a single piece 25 in. by 18 in. and fold it lengthwise into three for strength. Nine inches from one end make a right-angle bend, not too sharp, and another six inches farther along (FIG.1). These section swill make the socket arm and the base, with ten inches left for the supporting arm and the lip, which is part of it (FIG.3).

Now form a flange leaning inwards on either side of the base, allowing four inches under the supporting arm and tapering to three under the socket arm.

The folds at each corner should be bent down, snipped and fastened on to the flanges (FIG. 2). This will help the later shaping.

The fitting of the light attachment is a tricky bit. Unless it sits snugly it will wobble. The slight inward lean of the socket arm tends to allow the attachment to lean as well. To counteract this tendency, two inches of the nine-inch section must be bent inwards and so shaped that a socket is formed when the whole thing is drawn into a cylinder. Cut off excess wire.

You must use your judgment to ensure that the socket holds the light fixture upright, although a certain amount of re-shaping is possible later.

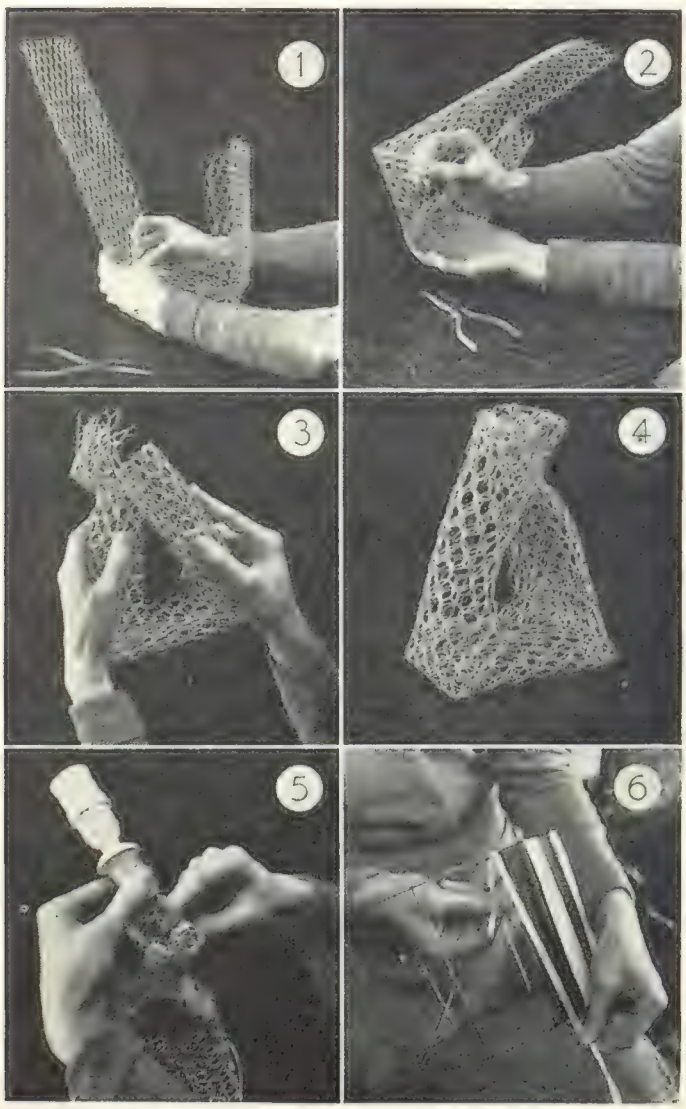
The socket arm is formed by fastening edge wires at the top, and working down about half way, till the edges no longer meet. Forcing them together still lower helps the curved shape. The gap left is covered later.

Turn next to the supporting arm. The lip is the first thing to form. About six inches from the base bend the section outwards, then inwards an inch farther up, gauging the bends so that the top of the lip will ultimately lie on a level with the outside edge of the socket arm.

Now coax the whole shape into a hump, rather flat just below the lip. You will be helped by the lip itself, and by the forcing together of the lower edges.

When you have a hump, bring the two edges below the lip to snuggle into the socket arm (FIG. 3). The idea is to hook on two or three strands, then fasten the lower edges together where they can be made to meet, and the lip to the top of the socket, making everything level (FIG. 4).

A trick to make this last operation easier is to make two cuts down the part of the wire above the lip before moulding it into its final position. Much of the excess can be cut away.



THERE remains only to cut a separate section of wire to fit over the open parts in the centre, and to insert a rubber grommet into the bottom of the socket arm.

The wire frame is now complete (FIG. 4). Ease up the base so that it sits flat on the table. Later, a dead level is achieved by pasting on single pieces of papier mâché.

Before starting on the frame, I tore newspaper into a small mountain of irregular chunks about an inch wide and two inches long, and put it to soak. The shape of the chunks does not much matter, but the edges must be torn, not cut. Only paper which contains no loading, i.e. china clay or other substance used to give a gloss, can be used. Soak it for at least an hour.

After letting some of the pieces drain, and applying paste, start to lay them on the wire. You will find they will not stick to the wire itself, but that they will hold if put on as circlets. You can then paste pieces on either side, and eventually cover the whole frame. Be careful to tuck in around the grommet.

The entire lamp should be covered with one layer at a time, though the last need not be dry before applying the next. At least six should be put on, and preferably more, each being pressed well against the frame. Each piece of paper should be placed haphazardly, so as to avoid a continuous edge which would show through the paint.

Various cold water paste preparations are on the market. They are the easiest to use, but flour and water will do if oil of wintergreen is added.

Here I found it useful to try the lamp fitment in its socket, and to paste more papier mâché down the inside to help it sit snug and upright (FIG. 5). Also I built up the lip where necessary, and then left everything to dry overnight—papier mâché should not be dried quickly in an oven.

THE lamp shade is quite simple to make. Fifteen lengths each of black and white raffine (imitation raffia) are cut, seven feet long or enough to cover comfortably about an inch of wire. Each is started with a half hitch and several turns before being wound around top and bottom of the frame, finishing with several more turns and another half hitch (FIG. 6).

Raffine tends to twist and leave gaps. It is useful to wind two or three strands backwards over the previous bit before going on again each time. Each length should be prepared beforehand by being opened out to about $\frac{3}{8}$-in. wide, a laborious job which someone else can do for you while you wind.

The last half hitch should be made by poking through the first and last sections, and tucking the end between the outer and inner walls.

When the papier mâché has dried, flex may be inserted into the grommet and worked up through the socket. The lamp fitment is attached, and a final check made that all is snug. After painting the lamp may be hung up to dry.

Paint was a problem. We used a plastic emulsion. This flows evenly, dries quickly, shows no brush marks when dry and has no gloss.

Half-a-dozen coats are needed to hid the edges of the papier mâché. Each coat dries in a quarter of an hour. The final touch is one of the new rose-coloured light bulbs. It gives a softness to the lamp when lit.

MATERIALS NEEDED: Chicken wire, 1 yd.; several newspapers, or similar paper; cold water paste; small can emulsion paint, "Elephant Grey"; lamp attachment (with flex entering through centre of base); one $\frac{1}{2}$-in. rubber grommet; one medium-sized oval lamp shade frame; one packet (125 ft.) each of black and white raffine; two $\frac{1}{2}$-in. brushes; wire cutters.

Pictures by David Housden

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF WENDY SNAZLE

Every day is a day at the zoo for young Wendy Snazle. Lions and tigers live on her doorstep ; leopards underneath her bedroom window. And penguins, chimps, sea-lions, elephants and deer are waiting for her to come and play. Wendy lives at Chessington Zoo, a curly-haired, brown-eyed four-year-old who is the daughter of the general manager. Visitors queue up to photograph her cuddling the animals, or follow her around the cages and paddocks at feeding time. She can wander where she likes—any time, any day. But not near the lions and tigers. That is *forbidden*, says her father.

HOLLYWOOD—these women

Over 40 million people read their gossip columns

. . . but is the power of Hedda and Louella waning?

NO one has ever caught Miss Louella Parsons under a bed or behind an ottoman. Yet for about thirty-five years she has been peddling the kind of film gossip that might be picked up there.

She is not so much a columnist as the sounding board of Hollywood. Nothing is too trivial to be printed. But when you are turning out a reputed 3,000 words a day, seven days a week, you can't afford to be too fussy.

The daily tittle-tattle that this sixty-five year old reporter passes on is syndicated all over the United States. The number of papers it appears in is difficult to assess accurately, but it is around one thousand. The estimated readership of the column is anything over twenty million. Some say thirty.

So it pays to stay pally with Parsons.

Louella Parsons might have been just a good newspaperwoman. She is certainly that. But in 1914, when she was on the *Chicago Herald*, she thought of writing about the off-screen goings-on of film people. Movie gossip columns were born.

Eight years later she went to work for the late William Randolph Hearst, owner of papers throughout the United States.

Hearst thought a lot of her. When she caught tuberculosis he sent her to California on full salary until she was cured. Then he told her to stay in Hollywood and he would syndicate her column.

A good reporter, with a deceptively vague manner, she was the first whole-time columnist in the film colony. The Hearst syndication made her a powerful influence.

While intelligent readers might not flock to see a film on her recommendation, hordes of them would give it a miss if she slated it.

LOUELLA PARSONS probably finds it difficult to count her real friends. In a place like Hollywood, where nearly everyone has an axe to grind (when they're not swinging it), sincerity is as rare as a Red in the White House.

Everyone who is interested in keeping —or getting—their name or film in the public eye, has a smile and glad hand for Louella.

She is a large-fronted, dark-haired woman with mild eyes; rather dumpy, but with still-shapely legs and ankles.

At one time it was said she could make or break a star. It is doubtful if that is true today. It is just possible that movie-goers are more intelligent now; or perhaps TV has made us all more blasé towards personalities.

But the legend of her power persists. No star would go out of the way to upset Miss Parsons.

SHE is a woman of perception. She knows when people are falling in love.

"They dance together more times than convention allows. They look—well, you know that way, at each other. Then I know. The next thing is an engagement. Usually the potential bride or bridegroom rings me up with the news. I print the news—and maybe smile."

A knowing smile, no doubt.

Some say she has mellowed with age. She says herself: "I won't write a story if it means breaking up a home, or parting a mother from her children. I'm much milder with age."

If she ever did any such thing it would have been done with the clinical indifference of all professional keyhole journalists. "Nothing personal in it

Two faces dominate the Hollywood skyline: Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons. Their stock-in-trade—gossip

frighten the stars

ma'am : just a job," they say, stepping from one shattered life to pick at the trembling foundations of another.

Miss Parsons, however, is not so hard-boiled as her detractors say. When a film colony marriage broke up after thirty-nine days Louella was able to comment: "I will say this for Barbara; that she tried very hard."

Among those who have feuded with her are Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Bette Davies and Orson Welles. They are still managing to scrape a living.

HER prose is no danger to Ernest Hemingway. This is a fair sample : "To a cocktail party last week on a studio set. The party was given by John Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan. And you couldn't have found a nicer spot. For the set looks just like a Palm Beach hotel with a swimming pool, sand, palm trees and real bungalows. Sat and talked with Robert Mitchum and Jane Russell and Mrs. Mitchum. She said she and Robert were thinking of moving into one of the bungalows."

There is something about the average film fan—not the average picturegoer, but the average fan—which finds an echo in this kind of teacup gossip.

It is essentially no different from stuff in most film magazines, but the attraction of Miss Parsons's version may be that it is written like a holiday letter from an inconsequential aunt.

And, of course, with the aid of her telephone—available for calls daily until one in the morning—she brings off scoops. As a good reporter, she is always searching for them. One sure way to make her an enemy is to give a good story to someone else first.

Mostly her scoops are of an esoteric kind, important only to Hollywood and the fans. But sometimes she brings off a humdinger : like the international star who was having a baby without the assistance of her current husband.

Louella Parsons showed herself still a practical newspaperwoman at the Rita Hayworth-Ali Khan wedding.

At an age when most women have given up sprinting, Miss Parsons, working for a news agency, put out the first by-lined wedding story in the United States.

She declined an invitation to sit up front with the family. Instead, she sat at the back—near the door. Rita's "I do" had scarcely waned away before Parsons was in full gallop for the phone she had laid on in the mayor's office. She barked her shins in her hurry.

SHE is sometimes called, rather ambiguously, Hollywood's First Lady. Either way, it's a compliment. Certainly, an invitation to a Parsons party is something like a royal command to most of the film people. Nobody wants to be noticeably missing and earn the hostess's displeasure. Not when she can tell twenty million people about it.

But the lady knows two naughty words. One is Hedda and the other is Hopper. They identify the sixty-six year old former actress who dared to challenge Louella's supremacy as the No. 1 Hollywood gossip.

Anyone who recalls the movies of the thirties will remember her as a tall, snooty, society matron. It was her stock rôle in scores of pictures.

Miss Hopper is known best in this country as the Hollywood personality with the inexhaustible supply of hats—many of them outrageous.

Hats have become her trademark. They are accepted by the taxman as a legitimate business expense. She called her autobiography *From Under My Hat.*

But this elderly sophisticate is much more than a hat-rack. A complete amateur in the newspaper business, she clawed her way up so fast that Louella finally had to share Hollywood with her.

THIS was fine for the publicity men who played one off against the other. By needling Louella about the activities or sayings of Hedda before handing out the studio blurb—"exclusive, of course"—they ensured its appearance in the column.

And by repeating the treatment to Hedda, they plugged the story in her column, too.

This happy state of affairs for the plug vendors ended for a while in 1948 when, to the sound of mutual hosannas, Louella and Hedda lunched together.

The celestial choir of horselaughs off-screen proved to be justified, for the beautiful friendship was short-lived.

Miss Hopper was only competent as an actress, but in 1936 she got herself on radio with a regular gossip feature. As soon as she realized her initial folly of being polite and laudatory about Hollywood's citizens, she was on the way up.

By 1938 Louella-less newspapers realized that Miss Hopper was a contender for the gossip crown and she was given a rival column—syndicated, of course. This put her right out in front with Louella. They now have audiences of comparable millions.

She is refreshingly irreverent about her work. Whereas Louella dotes on the stars (if they don't upset her), Hedda says : "I left home to escape being a butcher's daughter and it seems ironical that I was to spend the rest of my life dealing in ham."

Sometimes the hams hit back. Joan Bennett took two full page ads. in a Los Angeles paper to complain of attacks by Hedda "for many, many years." She followed through by sending the columnist a skunk as a Valentine's Day gift.

Hedda named it Joan.

MISS HOPPER has her scoops, too. She revealed that Clark Gable was joining the United States Army during the war—a tip from the dentist who checked his teeth.

For priceless remarks there is little to choose between the ladies. When Gable married Lady Ashley, Louella declared : "I doubt if any character in history—and that includes Cleopatra and Antony, Helen of Troy and all the rest—equals the careers of these two."

Hedda is inclined to sound off about Communism these days and has widened her circle of enemies.

But perhaps her most devastating disclosure on the apparent decadence of our time was that Clark Gable was experimenting with the cross-breeding of apples !

—ARTHUR W. JACOBS

Like

NEW SHORT STORY BY OLIVE COX

They opened the door. Phil looked up from the bench. He saw his father and gasped . . .

It was his last hope—would it solve the boy's problems?

UP in the darkness of the attic Robert swore softly to himself. There was no more than a glimmer of light from the dusty skylight in the roof. He ought to have remembered to bring a torch. Thirty years is a long time—a fantastically long time, he reflected, rubbing his sore head ruefully—for a man not to set foot in a room in his own house.

All the same, no one should know better than he just where to put his hands on what he was searching for. He crept on with greater caution. The attic was peculiar, more like a narrow passage, which sank away into deeper and deeper shadows. It was at that farthest, blackest end that he would find the box.

Cautiously he picked his way over some faint shapes on the floor—bundles of old clothes, discarded and forgotten, a broken coal-scuttle, some big wooden picture-frames leaning against the wall. His groping hand closed on the arm of a chair—Phil's high chair. He paused and let his hands wander over it, lovingly and sadly. Phil must have been less than a year old when he first sat in this, drumming with his own silver spoon on the painted tray, beating a tattoo with his feet on it from underneath.

Smiling, he remembered his own excited, ridiculous shout as he had listened, fascinated, to the sounds made by his son—"What did I tell you? He's musical! There's rhythm in that!" And Anne's quiet, wise smile which embraced them both, father and son, and said nothing.

He had been so terribly in earnest over Phil, determined that their father-and-son relationship was not going to be difficult.

Too well he remembered his own childhood and the attempts of his father to interest him in mechanical things. He remembered the times, when, just as he was feeling on the piano for a tune that had haunted him the night before, and had all but captured it, his father had stuck his head round the sitting-room door, hands covered with black grease.

"Now, look—I've got a nice little job for you—just the thing to keep you busy

Father Like Son

Illustrations by Pamela Degil

for the morning." Or—"Today we'll work on your bike; I'll show you what to do and then you'll be able to carry on by yourself."

Robert would rise from the piano, the precious tune dying away within him and follow his father outside to the hated workshop. But he disliked the dirt and oil, and he never could remember which bit went where, so that when Alfred had patiently taken the thing to pieces and had left him confronted with the organized array on the bench, a fearful panic would assail him. He would make a desperate, feeble effort at assembling the parts, but it always went wrong. He seemed quite unable to cope with the screws and nuts which Alfred handled so delicately and balanced so accurately into position.

"CAN'T understand why you're such a fumble-fist," grumbled Alfred. "And yet you can pick out the notes on the piano just right, so they tell me."

"But I like playing, Father. I want to play, so it comes easy."

"Oh, yes, I daresay you do, my boy, but you've got to learn something useful. You mark my words, in the world you'll grow up in there'll be more need for engineers than musicians. Now, just give another half-turn to this screw, and then tomorrow, if you behave yourself, I'll teach you how to read a micrometer."

Robert laughed mirthlessly at the remembrance. Read a micrometer! He doubted if he'd have any notion even now of how to set about it.

But he had won, although it had taken the bitterest quarrel of his experience to achieve what he wanted—piano lessons, an Academy scholarship, and, at last, the concert platform.

It had taken the affair of the Musical Box.

The old musical box had been the first joy of his life. It was black and polished, inlaid with gilt scrolls and fanciful trees and birds. It was as big as his mother's sewing machine, and stood beside the hearth, tucked away behind her chair. Someone had given it to him on his third birthday.

HE could remember how they had called it, "a nice new seat," and had coaxed him over to it, and invited him to sit on it. He had done so, solemnly, not impressed. Someone must have wound it up first, for as he sat down he heard, with a pang of joy and wonder, the sweet, tinkling music, which brought a flush to his cheeks and tears to his eyes, so that they thought he was going to cry.

Not one tune, but many tunes it played—"The Bluebells of Scotland," "John Peel," "Annie Laurie"—and he had sat enthralled, enraptured.

"Seems to be a success," laughed Alfred. "Shouldn't want much doing to it—just a spot of oil occasionally, and it'll be years before it needs an overhaul." Robert could even remember the warning frown which came to his mother's face.

This birthday gift was his first love and he remained true to it all the while he struggled at the untuned, neglected piano. The musical box was his darling, his most treasured possession. He cherished it jealously, afraid for any other fingers than his to touch it. To him the music always remained magical, elusive, intangible.

Then there came the terrible day he had known and feared would come at last. Alfred decided that the time had come to "give it the once-over."

ROBERT was eleven. He had gazed at his father, horrified, incredulous. Alfred had lifted the lid. The works lay exposed, grey, dull and naked, a cylinder with protruding spikes. Alfred probed inquisitively with his forefinger.

"See, you just loosen this, and it lifts right out. Put your hand here—no, under here, where I'm showing you—then we'll be able to get at it."

Robert had gathered together all his courage.

"But you're not going to take it to pieces, Father?"

"Eh? What's that? Take it to pieces? Yes, of course we are. Must strip it down."

Tears had gathered in Robert's eyes. Through a mist he saw the separate parts laid out in orderly fashion before him on the bench—the drum, the winding apparatus, the spring—and he felt as if he was looking at the heart and soul of his dearest friend. Fear turned to courage, and courage to desperate, hysterical anger. He turned on his father, shrieking.

"Now you've spoilt it! Now I'll never, never play it again. Never!" And meeting his father's scandalized stare, all the pent-up longings and frustrations of his short life had found their outlet.

"You've always spoilt things for me! You've never let me do what I want! Just because you're an engineer you think everyone else ought to be! I hate engineering— (*Continued on page* 64)

8885

ENCHANTED EVENING

A night to remember—the tunes they play,
the dress you wear . . . unforgettable
in a spell of white lace, fabulous
brocade or intriguingly textured cotton

S/4696

The magic of a moonlit evening captured in a dress (opposite page) he'll always remember. A dream of creamy cotton heavily embroidered. The bodice a slender wand to the hips, sleevelessly cool, with a neckline that's shallow though wide. The completely circular skirt is a pride to dance in, needs a similarly shaped waist slip to enhance its true beauty. Could also be made in taffeta or moiré plus tiny sleeves if you prefer. Vogue Pattern 8885 "Easy-to-Make." Price 3s.; sizes 28–36.

For parties and dances that come your way look dazzling in a froth of white lace (left), enhanced by a sash, in aquamarine taffeta, that hints at the Empire line. Again the willowy look for sheer flattery in the slim-columned bodice, the hip-line skirt another huge circle of fabric. Short sleeves are demure for parties and here the neckline is shallow at the front, low at the back. Vogue Pattern S.4696 "Easy-to-Make." Price 5s.; sizes 28–36.

A dress with fan width in the skirt (below) and romantic as you wish. Stark simplicity in the princess lines adds classic beauty in clear-cut shaping that's fitted then flared to fantastic extent. Over the bodice can go a bolero with petalled shaped collar, taking you to dine before dancing or well-dressed to cocktails. We thought of it in coffee brocade with pumps dyed new rose red. Vogue Pattern 8906. Price 3s. 6d.; sizes 28–36.

8885

S/4696

8906

HOW TO ORDER

You can order these Vogue patterns direct from us. Send remittance as indicated below, plus postage (2½d.) to Vogue Pattern Service, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2. (Cheques should be made payable to Vogue Pattern Service.) When ordering please note that bust sizes go up in 2-in. steps, i.e. 32 in., 34 in., 36 in., etc.

Fabric requirements below for patterns in this issue are for size 34 in. bust only. Before purchasing material be sure to study the pattern envelope, as requirements are always given for other sizes and fabric widths in addition to those quoted below. Fabric widths on the market include. 36 in.. 42 in.. 45 in.: 48 in. and 54 in.

No.	Price		Yds.	Width
8885	3s. 0d.		4⅝	35 in.
S.4696	5s. 0d.		5⅝	35 in.
8906	3s. 6d.	Dress and bolero	6¼	35 in.

8906

Eve's 6-PAGE FAMILY KNITTING SUPPLEMENT

Autumn Special—quick-to-make chunky sweater with motif embroidered in Swiss darning

MATERIALS: For the 32 to 34-in. bust size, 11 oz. of Bairns-Wear "Femina" Botany Fingering, 4-ply, in the main colour; 1 pair each of Nos. 13 and 14 knitting needles. For the 35 to 37-in. size, 12 oz. of wool; 1 pair each of Nos. 12 and 13 needles. For the 38 to 40-in. bust size, 12 oz. of wool; 1 pair each of Nos. 11 and 12 needles. For all sizes, 2 small balls of contrasting wools. *Measurements:* Length 19 (19½, 20) ins.; sleeve seam, all sizes, 18 ins. *Tension:* Approximately 6 sts. on No. 13 needles, 5½ sts. on No. 12 needles, and 5 sts. on No. 11 needles in brioche rib to 1 in. *Abbreviations:* See page 37.

FRONT

Cast on 128 sts. with finer needles. Work 3 ins. in k. 2, p. 2 rib and in last row dec. 18 times thus, rib 2, (rib 5, dec.) 18 times (110 sts.). Change to coarser needles and begin brioche rib.

1st row: K.

2nd row: * K. 1, k. next st. by inserting right needle into st. of last row but one, immediately under next st. on left needle, k. in ordinary way but draw wool under the strands of last 2 rows; rep. from * to last 2 sts., k. 2. Rep. 2nd row until length from cast-on edge is 10 ins.

Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and dec. at beg. of next 2 rows, 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and dec. at both ends of next 5 rows, keeping ribbing correct by knitting an extra st. at ends of row where necessary. Work straight until length is 16 (16½, 17) ins.

Neck: Next row: Patt. 28, turn and leave 62 sts. unworked. Proceed on the 28 sts. until length is 18½ (19, 19½) ins., finishing at armhole edge.

Shoulder: Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next row and following alternate row and 8 sts. at beg. of next alternate row.

Return to the 62 sts. Cast off 34 sts. rather loosely, finish row and complete second side on rem. 28 sts., making it correspond with first side, reversing shoulder shaping.

BACK

Cast on 124 sts. with finer needles. Work 3 ins. in k. 2, p. 2 rib and in last row dec. thus: (rib 4, dec.) to last 4 sts., rib 4 (104 sts.). Change to coarser needles and brioche rib. Work until back is same length as front to armholes.

Armholes: Dec. at both ends of next and following 6 alt. rows. Work straight on 90 sts. until length is 18½ (19, 19½) ins.

Neck and Shoulders: Next row: Patt. 40, leave 50 sts. unworked.

1st row: Cast off 6, patt. to end.

2nd row: Cast off 10, patt. to end. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows. Work 1 row. Cast off.

Return to the 50 sts. Cast off 10 sts. rather loosely, patt. to end.

1st row: Cast off 10, patt. to end.

2nd row: Cast off 6, patt. to end. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows. Cast off.

SLEEVES (2)

Cast on 72 sts. with finer needles and work 2½ ins. in k. 2, p. 2 rib and in 1st row dec. 10 times thus: rib 2, (dec., rib 5) to end. (62 sts.) Change to coarser needles and brioche rib. Work straight until length is 8 ins. Inc. at both ends of next row and every ½-in. (keeping rib correct) until there are 14 inc. rows and 90 sts. Work straight until side edge is 18 ins. or required length of seam.

Shape Top: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 18 rows. Dec. at end of next 24 rows. Cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 170 sts. with finer needles. Work in k. 2, p. 2 rib, beg. alternate rows p. 2, and work until length is 2½ (2¾, 3) ins.

Next row: Rib 44, turn and leave 126 sts. unworked. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next and 4 following alternate rows. Work 1 row. Cast off.

Return to 126 sts. Cast off 82, rib to end. Rib 1 row. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row and finish to match with first side. Embroider the spots on the front. They are in Swiss darning, with 5 spots to a motif. Beg. at lower centre motif and follow the lines of wool as is necessary to make the shape of knitted sts. Work from right to left, and when 1 row of Swiss darning is complete, turn work upside down and proceed with next row. Allow 5 ribs between and alternate the two colours. Join shoulder seams. Sew cast-on edge of collar to neck edge and sew ends of collar to cast-off edge of front. Set sleeves in armholes. Join side and sleeve seams.

Out of school—four-in-one pattern in three sizes, hand or machine knitting

MATERIALS. *Sleeveless Version:* 4 (5, 5) oz. Templetons Ayrbeam Super Scotch, 3-ply. *V-neck Version with Sleeves:* 7 (8, 8) oz. *Crew Neck Version:* 7 (8, 8) oz. *Polo neck Version:* 8 (9, 9) oz. 1 pair each of Nos. 11 and 12 knitting needles, 1 set of 4 No. 12 needles. *Measurements:* 8 to 9 years: Chest, 27 to 28 in.; length, 18½ ins.; sleeve, 15 ins. 10 to 11 years : chest 29 to 30 in.; length, 19½ ins.; sleeve, 16 ins. 12 to 13 years : chest 31 to 32 in.; length, 10½ ins.; sleeve, 17 ins. *Tension:* 8 sts. and 11 rows to 1 inch on No. 11 needles. Machine to be set to give this tension. (*Abbreviations:* See page 37.)

1st figure is for the smallest size, second for middle size, third for largest size.

BACK

** With No. 12 needles, (or machine tension two sizes smaller than for body of work), cast on 100 (108, 116) sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins.

Hand knitting: K. 2, *k. twice in next st., k. 11 (12, 13); rep. from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.

Machine knitting: Remove ribbing from machine and replace stitches thus: Replace 2 *skip 1, replace 11 (12, 13)* rep. from * to * to last 2 sts., replace 2 Make stitch in every empty needle, as per instruction book. Work this row.

Change to No. 11 needles (or to main tension).

Note: If machine does not automatically rib, where knitting instructions call for a p. st., place this st. on to its adjacent needle and put empty needle into non-working position. Or when a portion of work is completed the p. st. can be dropped down and then picked up to form a p. st. on right side.

1st row: K. 1 (5, 9) *p. 1, k. 4* to last 2 (6, 10) st., p. 1, k. 1, (p. 1, k. 5) (p. 1, k. 9).

2nd row: P. 1 (5, 9) *k. 1, p. 4* to last 2 (6, 10) sts. k. 1, p. 1 (k. 1, p. 5) (k. 1, p. 9). Rep. these 2 rows 5 times more.

13th row: K. 1 (5, 9) *p. 1, slip next 2 sts. on to spare needle and place in front of work, k. 2, k. 2 from spare needle (this will be referred to as cable.) p. 1, k. 4*, rep. to last 7 (11, 15) sts., p. 1, cable, p. 1, k. 1 (p. 1, cable, p. 1, k. 5) (p. 1, cable, p. 1, k. 9). *Machine knitters—follow instructions in your Instruction Book for making 4-st. cable.*

14th row: As 2nd. Rep. last 14 rows until work measures 12½ (13, 13½) ins.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 (6, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. each end of every foll. row until 76 (84, 92) sts. remain. ** Cont. until work measures 18½ (19½, 20½) ins.

Shape shoulders: Cast off 12 (13, 14) at beg. of next 4 rows, leave rem. 28 (32, 36) sts. on stitch holder.

FRONT

Work as for Back from ** to **.

V-NECK PULLOVER

Hand knitting: Work 38 (42, 46) sts. turn and work on these sts.

Machine knitting: Place 38 (42, 46) sts. on to stitch-holder and work on rem. sts.

Dec. at neck edge on every 3rd row until 24 (26, 28) sts. rem. Work until same length as Back.

Shape shoulder: Cast off 12 (13, 14) sts. on next and foll. alternate row.

Work second side to correspond.

POLO OR ROUND NECK

Continue until work is 16½ (17½, 18½) ins. ending with right side row.

Hand knitting: Work 30 (34, 38) sts. turn and work on these sts.

Machine knitting: Place 46 (50, 54) sts. on to stitch-holder and work on rem. sts.

Dec. at neck edge every row until 24 (26, 28) sts. rem. Work until same length as Back.

Shape shoulder: Cast off 12 (13, 14) sts. on next and foll. alt. row.

Leave centre 16 (16, 16) sts. on stitch-holder. Join wool, work second side to match.

SLEEVES (the same)

With No. 12 needles (or machine tension two sizes smaller than for body of work), cast on 50 (56, 60) sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins.

1st size: Hand knitting: K. 1 *k. twice into next st. k. 5* rep. from * to * to last st., k. 1 (68 sts.)

Machine knitting: Remove and replace stitches thus: Replace 1, *skip 1, replace 5*, rep. from * to * to last st., replace 1.

2nd size: Hand knitting: K. 3 *k. twice into next st. k. 4* rep. from * to * to last 3, k. 3. (76 sts.).

Machine knitting: Replace 3 *skip 1, replace 4*, rep. from * to * to last 3, replace 3.

3rd size: Hand knitting: K. 2 *k. twice into next st. k. 3*; rep. from * to * to last 2, k. 2 (84 sts.).

Machine knitting: Replace 2, *skip 1, replace 3*, rep. from * to * to last 2, replace 2.

Hand knitting: Change to No. 11 needles or to main tension.

Rep. 14 rows of patt. given for Back. Now inc. each end of next and every foll. 8th (8th, 10th) row until 84 (88, 94) sts. Cont. until sleeve is 15 (16, 17) ins.

Shape top: Cast off 6 (6, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. each end of next and every foll. alternate row until 16 (20, 20) sts. rem. Cast off 4 (5, 5) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Sew up shoulder seams.

V-NECK

With set of 4 No. 12 needles, starting at left shoulder pick up 48 (52, 56) sts. along each side of neck and k. across 28 (32, 36) sts. from stitch-holder. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 12 rounds knitting tog. the 3 centre sts. at V-neck on every alternate round. Cast off loosely.

ARMHOLE BANDS

Sleeveless Version: With No. 12 needles, pick up 114 (118, 122) sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 12 rows. Cast off.

ROUND OR POLO NECK

With set of 4 No. 12 needles, starting at left shoulder pick up and k. 22 (22, 24) sts. down left side of neck, k. twice into every st. from safety-pin at centre of neck, pick up and k. 22 (22, 24) sts. up right side of neck, k. twice into every st. from stitch-holder at back of neck. 132 (140, 152) sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2½ ins for round neck, 6 ins. for polo neck. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Sew up side seams and sleeve seams where necessary. Sew in sleeves.

Round neck version: Fold ribbing to wrong side, catch down to base of rib.

Eve's 6-PAGE FAMILY KNITTING SUPPLEMENT

For odd jobs about the house—

a thick, polo-necked

sweater in traditional pattern

MATERIALS: 21 (24) oz. Copley's "Sportslaine"; 1 pair each of Nos. 10 and 8 needles; a set of 4 No. 10 needles and spare needle with points each end. *Measurements:* To fit a 36 to 38 in. or 40 to 42 in. chest; length, 26½ or 27½ ins.; sleeve, 20 ins. *Tension:* 5½ sts. to 1 in. measured over basket st. *Abbreviations:* See page 37.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 134 (150) sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3½ ins.

Change to No. 8 needles and following patt.:

1st row: (P. 4, k. 4) twice (3 times for large size), p. 5, k. 16, p. 5, (k. 4, p. 4) twice, p. 1, k. 16, p. 5, (k. 4, p. 4) twice, p. 1, k. 16, p. 5 (k. 4, p. 4) twice (3 times for large size).

2nd row: (K. 4, p. 4) twice (3 times for large size), k. 5, p. 16, k. 1 (p. 4 k. 4) twice, k. 5, p. 16, k. 1 (k. 4, p. 4) twice, k. 5, p. 16, k. 5 (p. 4, k. 4) twice (3 times for large size).

3rd row: As 1st row.

4th row: As 2nd row.

5th row: (K. 4, p. 4) twice (3 times for large size), k. 4, p. 1, k. 16, p. 1 (k. 4, p. 4) twice, k. 4, p. 1, k. 16, p. 1 (k. 4, p. 4) twice, p. 1, k. 16, p. 1, k. 4 (p. 4, k. 4) twice (3 times for large size).

6th row: (P. 4, k. 4) twice (3 times for large size), p. 4, k. 1, p. 16, k. 1 (p. 4, k. 4) twice, p. 4, k. 1, p. 16, k. 1 (p. 4, k. 4) twice, k. 1, p. 16, k. 1, p. 4 (k. 4, p. 4) twice (3 times for large size).

7th row: As 5th row.

8th row: As 6th row.

9th row: (P. 4, k. 4) twice (3 times for large size), p. 5, sl. next 8 sts. on spare needle and leave at back of work, k. next 8 sts., then k. 8 sts. from spare needle (known as cable 16), p. 5, (k. 4, p. 4) twice, p. 1, cable 16, p. 5 (k. 4, p. 4) twice, p. 1, cable 16, p. 5 (k. 4, p. 4) twice (3 times for large size).

10th row: As 2nd row. *11th row:* As 1st row. *12th row:* As 2nd row. Keeping continuity of basket patt., work the cable row on 9th row and every 12th row following until work measures 17 ins.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then cont. straight until work is 25 ins.

Shape for Yoke: Cast off 34 (42) sts., then across next 42 sts. work, patt. 12, k. 1, (p. 2 tog.) 8 times, k. 1, patt. 12. Leave these 34 sts. on spare needle. Cast off last 34 (42) sts.

FRONT

Work exactly as for Back.

SLEEVES (2)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 58 (74) sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 4 ins. Change to No. 8 needles.

Next row: (P. 4, k. 4) twice (3 times for large size), p. 5, k. 16, p. 5 (k. 4, p. 4) twice (3 times for large size).

Next row: (K. 4, p. 4) twice (3 times for large size), k. 5, p. 16, k. 5 (p. 4, k. 4) twice (3 times for large size).

Now cont. with main sts. in basket patt., as for front and back, with centre 16 sts. in cable with a "p" st. each side of the 16 sts., until 12 rows of patt. have been worked, then inc. each end of next and every following 6th row until there are 90 (106) sts., working extra sts. into patt. Cont. straight until work is 20 ins., finishing after a wrong side row.

Shape Top: Dec. each end of every row until 50 sts. rem., then dec. on every alternate row until 34 sts. rem. Cont. straight for 5½ (6¾) ins., or until panel fits shoulder edge.

Next row: Patt. 9 (p. 2 tog.) 8 times, patt. 9. Leave sts. on spare needle.

COLLAR

Using 4 No. 10 needles, and with right side of work facing, join on wool and k. across 34 front sts., 26 right sleeve sts., 34 back sts. and 26 left sleeve sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 6 ins. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press work with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew sleeve panels into position, then sew in sleeves. Sew up sleeve and side seams. Press seams, and turn over collar.

Not so slim—a raglan sleeved cardigan designed for the fuller figure

MATERIALS: 18 oz. Sirdar Double Knitting Wool; 1 pair each of Nos. 10 and 8 knitting needles; 6 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 42 to 44-in. bust; length, 24 ins.; sleeve, 17½ ins. *Tension:* 6 sts. to 1 in.

Note: For a 45 to 47-in. bust, substitute No. 9 needles for No. 10 and No. 7 for No. 8.

THE BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 108 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4 ins. Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in st.st. for 4 rows, then inc. each end of next and every following 5th row until there are 130 sts. Cont. straight until work is 14 ins., finishing after p. row.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

3rd row: K. 2, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. to last 4 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 2.

4th row: K. 2, p. 2 tog., p. to last 4 sts., p. 2 tog. t.b.l., k. 2. Rep. last 2 rows 9 times more.

23rd row: K. 2, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. to last 4 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 2.

24th row: K. 2, p. to last 2 sts., k. 2. Rep. last 2 rows until 34 sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 76 sts. and work thus :

1st row: (K. 1, p. 1) to last 28 sts., k. 28.

2nd row: P. 14, k. 14, rib to end. Rep. these 2 rows until welt is 4 ins., finishing at side edge.

Next row: Change to No. 8 needle, k. 48, change to No. 10 needle, k. 28.

Next row: P. 14, k. 14, change to No. 8 needle, p. to end.

Next row: K. 48, change to No. 10 needle, k. 28. Cont. thus, working main sts. on No. 8 needles and the border sts. which are divided into g.st. and st.st. on No. 10 needles, and inc. at side edge on next right side row, and every following 5th row at side edge until there are 87 sts., finishing at front edge.

Next row: P. 14, k. 14, change needle, p. 2 tog., p. to end. Cont. dec. inside border on every 7th row until 11 decs. have been worked, but at same time when work is 14 ins. from beg. finish at side edge, cont. thus :

Shape Armhole: Cast off 6 sts., patt. to end.

Next row: In patt.

Next row: K. 2, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. to end.

Next row: Patt. to last 4 sts., p. 2 tog. t.b.l., k. 2.

Rep. last 2 rows 9 times more, then dec. at armhole edge on right side rows only until 28 sts. rem., working straight at front edge when last dec. has been worked. Keeping patt. correct cont. on border sts., using No. 10 needles for 2¾ ins. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Place pins on left front border as a guide for buttonholes, 1st pin ½-in. from lower edge, 2nd pin at beg. of front decs. and 4 more pins at equal distances between.

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 76 sts. and work thus :

1st row: K. 28, p. 1, k. 1 to end.

Next row: Rib to last 28 sts., k. 14, p. 14.

Next row: K. 5, cast off 3, k. 12 (including st. left on right-hand needle from casting off), cast off 3, k. 5 (including st. left on right-hand needle from casting off), rib to end.

In next row cast on 3 sts. in place of those cast off.

Cont. to match other front, reversing shapings and working buttonholes (double) at indicated positions.

SLEEVES (2)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 44 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3½ ins.

Next row: Rib 1, * work twice in next st., rib 2; rep. from * to last st., rib 1 (58 sts.).

Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in st.st. for 4 rows, then inc. at each end of next and every following 5th row until there are 92 sts.

Continue straight until work is 17½ ins., finishing after a p. row.

Shape Top: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Now rep. the 3rd and 4th rows of armhole shaping of back until 52 sts. rem., then rep. 23rd and 24th rows until 2 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

Sew sleeves into armholes, then sew up sleeve and side seams.

Sew border edges tog., turn borders in half so that double buttonholes are formed and stitch along inner edge. Stitch round buttonholes. Sew on buttons. Press seams.

ABBREVIATIONS

for all patterns

K., knit; p. purl; st(s)., stitch(es); st. st., stocking stitch which is k. 1 row, p. 1 row alternately; tog., together; inc., increase by working twice into the same st., dec., decrease by working 2 sts. tog.; m. 1, make 1 st. by passing wool round on other needle; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped st. over; w.fd., wool forward; cont., continue; rem., remaining; rep., repeat; t.b.l., through back loop; patt., pattern; beg., beginning; in(s)., inch(es). *Note:* Where 3 alternative figures are given the 1st is for the smallest size, 2nd for the middle size, 3rd for the largest size.

Eve's 6-PAGE FAMILY KNITTING SUPPLEMENT

Twist with a difference—a lace jumper with a flattering slotted-tie neckline

MATERIALS: 6 oz. Wakefield Greenwood's W.G. "Springtime" All Wool Super Botany Fingering, 2-ply.; 1 pair each of Nos. 9, 11 and 14 needles. *Measurements:* To fit 36 to 37-in. bust; length from shoulder, 19 ins. *Tension:* 8 sts. to 1 in. over patt. *Abreviations:* See page 37.

Note: For a 34 to 35-in. bust, substitute No. 10 needles for No. 9, No. 12 needles for No. 11 and No. 15 for No. 14. For a 38 to 39-in. bust, substitute No. 8 needles for No. 9, No. 10 for No. 11 and No. 13 for No. 14.

THE BACK

Using No. 14 needles, cast on 140 sts. and work in rib:

1st row: K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to last st., k. 1.

2nd row: (Right side) K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1; rep. from * (but working into backs of all k. sts. to give a twisted effect, except 1st and last st.) to last st., k. 1. Rep. these 2 rows until work is 4 ins., finishing after a 2nd row.

Next row: Rib 20, * inc. in next st., rib 19; rep. from * to end (146 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and foll. patt.:

1st row: (Right side) K.

2nd row: K. 1, * k. 3, pass 1st st. over the other 2 sts., w.fd.; rep. from * to last st., k. 1. These 2 rows form the patt., rep. them until work is 12 ins., finish after a 2nd patt. row.

Shape for Sleeves: Inc. at end of next 4 rows. Cast on 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (170 sts.). Cont. in patt. across all sts. until back is 19 ins. from beg., finish after a 2nd patt. row.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as for Back until work is 10½ ins., finishing after a 1st patt. row.

Work 1st slot. Next row: Patt. 65, cast off next 16 sts. (knitwise), patt. to end.

Next row: K. 65, cast on 16 sts., k. to end. Cont. in patt. until front is 12 ins. from beg., finish after a 2nd patt. row.

Shape for Sleeves and Neck: Inc. at end of next 4 rows, then cast on 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (170 sts.).

Next row: K.

Work 2nd slot. Next row: Patt. 77, cast off 16 sts., patt. to end.

Next row: K. 77, cast on 16 sts., k. to end. Work 11 rows in patt.

Next row: K. 85 sts., turn and leave rem. sts. on stitch-holder.

Next row: K. 2 tog., k. 1, pass 1st st. over 2nd st., w.fd., work in patt. to end (84 sts.).

Next row: K.

Next row: K. 2, pass 1st st. over 2nd st., w.fd., patt. to end.

Next row: K. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. (83 sts.). Keeping continuity of patt., dec. at neck edge on every 3rd row until 69 sts. rem. Cont. straight until front is 19 ins., ending at sleeve edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 3 sleeve edge rows, then cast off 11 sts. at beg. of following 2 sleeve edge rows.

Next row: Patt. to end. Cast off. Rejoin wool, work other side to match.

THE CUFFS (2)

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 136 sts. and work in moss st.:

1st row: * K. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to end.

2nd row: * P. 1, k. 1; rep. from * to end. Rep. these 2 rows, but inc. at each end of 7th and every 6th row following until there are 142 sts., working extra sts. into moss st. Work in moss st. until cuff measures 2 ins. Cast off in moss st.

THE SCARF COLLAR

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 36 sts. and work in moss st.:

1st row: Inc. in 1st st., moss st. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

2nd row: Work 2 tog., moss st. to last st., inc. in st. Rep. these 2 rows, thus working on the cross by dec. at one end and inc. at other end, until sides of collar is 37 ins. slightly stretched. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew shoulders together, then sew up side seams. Sew on collar round back neck edge, bringing ends through slots at front. Sew the narrow ends of cuffs together for ½-in., then sew in position, with open ends at shoulder. Turn back and press. Press all seams.

Trim pair—nylon and wool socks with clock cables

MATERIALS: 4 oz. Torpedo "Tip-Top" Wool and Nylon, 3-ply, in main colour; 1 oz. of the same wool in contrast (optional); 5 No. 13 knitting needles with points each end. *Measurements:* Length of leg to end of heel, 13 ins.; length of foot, 11 ins. *Tension:* 9½ sts. to 1 in. *Abbreviations:* See page 37.

Note: If working the cables in contrast colour, 2 balls of contrast wool will be required, one for each clock. When changing colours always twist wools at back of work. Take contrast back to beg. of cable on 2nd and subsequent rows.

Cast on 86 sts. (30, 28, 28) and work 2 ins. in rounds of k. 1, p. 1 rib. Cont. in st.st. for a further 2 ins., finishing at end of round.

Work 2 cable clocks thus: *1st round:* With main k. 17, with 1st ball of contrast p. 1, k. 8, p. 1, with main k. 33, with 2nd ball of contrast p. 1, k. 8, p. 1, with main k. 16. Rep. this round 4 times more.

6th round: With main k. 17, with 1st ball of contrast, * p. 1, slip next 4 sts. on a spare needle, and leave at front of work, k. 4, now k. 4 from spare needle, p. 1, * with main, k. 33, with 2nd ball of contrast; rep. from * to * once, with main, k. 16.

7th to 10th rounds: Rep. 1st round 4 times.

These 10 rounds form the patt. of the cable clocks. Cont. in patt. until work is 10 ins. from cast-on edge, finishing at end of round.

Next round: With main, k. 17, with contrast p. 1, k. 3, k. 2 tog., k. 3, p. 1, with main k. 33, with contrast p. 1, k. 3, k. 2 tog., k. 3, p. 1, with main k. 15 (84 sts.).

Break off the 2 balls of contrast and work thus:

Divide for Heel: Next row: K. 22, turn. *Next row:* P. 43, turn. Leave rem. sts. on 2 needles for instep and cont. in rows on these 43 sts. for heel flap:

1st row: K. to end.

2nd row: P. to end. Rep. these 2 rows 16 times more.

Turn Heel: 1st row: K. 25, k. 2 tog., turn.

2nd row: P. 8, p. 2 tog., turn.

3rd row: K. 9, k. 2 tog., turn.

4th row: P. 10, p. 2 tog., turn.

Cont. thus working 1 st. more before dec. and turn in every row until all sts. are worked on to one needle. Cont. thus: K. 25, then on to this same needle pick up and k. 18 sts. down side of heel-flap, with a second needle work across the 41 instep sts. thus: K. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. to last 4 sts., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1 (37 sts.); with 3rd needle pick up and k. 18 sts. along other side of heel-flap, then k. across the first 12 sts. of heel sts. K. 1 round, finishing at end of 3rd needle (middle of heel sts.).

Shape Instep: Next round: 1st needle, k. to last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1.; 2nd needle, k.; 3rd needle, k. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. to end.

Next round: K. Rep. these 2 rounds until 74 sts. rem. (19, 37, 18). Cont. straight in st.st. until work is 9 ins. from back of heel.

Shape Toe: 1st round: 1st needle, k. to last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1.; 2nd needle, k. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. to last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1; 3rd needle, k. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. to end.

2nd round: K. Rep. the last 2 rounds until 18 sts. rem. Graft together the 2 sets of 9 sts.

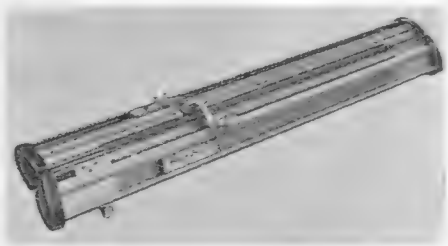
Press work with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

PICK OF THE MACHINES

knitting the modern way

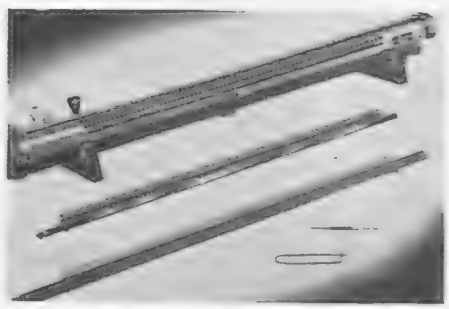
is the machine way . . . for

it takes you no time at all



Texilia TV2—a lightweight twin bed machine that will produce K.P. ribbing and fancy stitches. Tension is governed by four control knobs and there are no cumbersome feeding attachments. Standard model, 294 needles, costs £47 5s.

Record—for stocking and garter stitch that looks exactly like your own hand-work. Knits any 1 to 4-ply wool and is easy to operate. You can do 140 stitches in a few minutes and can unpick and re-knit. Costs about £24



Knitmaster—combining three machines in one. For ordinary knitting, lace and intricate patterns and sock machine. Knits any wool or yarn from fine 1-ply to double-knitting wool. Model "4500," 169 needles, has a speed of 30 rows per minute. Costs £22 17s. 6d. complete. Other models—Texilia 402 and Matador

STOCKISTS. Page 35. *The boy wears a shirt,* 19s.; *tie* 3s. 6d. *from Lilley and Skinner, Oxford Street, London. His worsted shorts* 19s. 11d., *and her terylene-worsted skirt* £2 7s. 6d., *by Kidax from Bentalls, Kingston.* Page 37. *She wears a "Courpleta" skirt, hip sizes* 42 *to* 52 *in., price* 63s.; *blouse in O.S. and X.O.S. sizes, price* 25s., *from Evans (Outsizes) Ltd., Kensington, London.*

DIOR'S

It costs £200 a look in

the fabulous salons

. . . Is it really worth it?

In one of the small rooms behind the salons, a dresser helps Dany to change before the show starts

Photographs by Monsarret

by PRUDENCE CLARKE

Dany—peasant girl to model

A PEASANT girl who a few years ago was running barefoot in the hills of the wild Basque country is today the most famous model in Paris.

Which shows how strange are the happenings in the Never-Never land of French fashion.

The fascinating Dany is the latest darling of the designers. She is a sensation whenever she appears in the luxurious salon of Lanvin. Her exotic medieval beauty has started a new trend in fashion.

As curious as this modern Cinderella story is the link between the £3 dresses in the chain stores and the remote elegance of the perfumed salons where fashion is created.

What Dior designs today makes a newspaper headline tomorrow. And we will wear it the day after.

It took almost two years before the now-dated New Look was worn every day. But look back to this Summer. It took only two months for the tulle-swathed straw hats and high midriff dresses of the Paris Spring collections to reach the shops in the High Streets of Britain.

Of all the designers Dior has the greatest influence on mass-produced fashion. But what of the other couturiers. How do they influence us? And who buys the extravaganzas launched in their satin-draped salons?

Balenciaga is the Garbo of the fashion world—a strange genius who is rarely seen. He lives behind a cloak of mystery. Few people know his real name; he is seldom photographed. He dictates his own prices—which are very high even for haute couture and limit his private clients.

He has shown clothes which look grotesque even to the trained fashion eye. The model girls who stalk through his salon do not measure up to recognized standards of shapely beauty.

But the most elegant women of the world are still those dressed by Balenciaga.

Fath is a house characterized by exuberant fashion and brilliant fantasy. Madame Fath, tall, blonde and beautiful widow of its creator, runs the salons where some of the most beautiful of all French girls have modelled. In the collections she has shown since her husband's death, Madame Fath has changed the mood to a softer femininity.

Castillo is the designer at the house of Lanvin where wonderful perfumes are created. He use colours superbly and is lavish with jewels. A solid American matron said to me at one of his shows: "He turns a woman into a charming medieval schemer. Who could resist that?"

Hubert de Givenchy is the youngest French designer. He favours model girls who are tall and lithe as greyhounds. Audrey Hepburn buys many clothes from him because they suit her fey charm. His designs are simple, stripped of fussy detail; his hats delicious nonsense. Givenchy, like his close friend Balenciaga, has now withdrawn from the publicity he once courted.

Balmain—once a student of architecture—is the Frenchman that English women love. They flock to buy his clothes, which are for very womanly figures. He is a genius of details. The tiniest buttons in part of a design receive just as much attention as the cutting of a neckline. Marlene Dietrich and Vivien Leigh are two of his regular customers.

NEVER-NEVER LAND

Balmain, say the French women, makes you look like a lady.

Patou is one of the greatest names in fashion history. You will not find revolutionary new design or mad extravagances. It is here that the chic French woman buys her clothes. Patou makes Joy, the most expensive perfume in the world and the choice of Queen Elizabeth.

What is the price of haute couture?

These are average figures for clothes from the top designers—a dress may cost about £100, a suit about £125, a cocktail dress about £180, but if it is heavily embroidered or trimmed with fur, the sky is the limit.

Perhaps you do not think the clothes worth it?

Many women do—and many not in the millionaire class buy one suit a year from the couturiers and still think it pays to have this expensive look.

THESE clothes are built on the woman. Many fittings will make them perfect. Attractive curves can be achieved where none exist; more exuberant lines can be disguised by clever cutting and designing.

And the French model, because of the snob value of its label and the excellence of the fabric, can change hands many times on the secondhand market for as much as half its original cost.

So, in the end, the couturier-dressed woman really does get value for every pound she spends.

Behind the frills and fripperies is a successful and large industry, which brings in for France an export figure of about £20,000,000.

A high percentage of this is the sale of exclusive models of the top fashion designers to foreign buyers and manufacturers. To keep this figure high, the secrets of the new designs are as heavily protected as the secrets of an atom bomb.

Piracy of fashion designs is one of the big headaches of the haute couture. Under French law a dress can be copyright. Anyone in France who divulges the secret is liable to a heavy fine and a two-year prison sentence. There have been cases of people entering the salon with a camera concealed in the flowers of a fashionable hat, of an employee stealing the toile (linen pattern of the dress) and the copying of ideas by means of photographs.

THE Paris collections are shown twice a year to introduce the summer or winter designs. The introduction of a new collection is shown first to the press. To the uninitiated this can be an overwhelming experience.

Many hundreds of journalists armed with notebooks, pencils and their smartest hats are all determined to sit in the front rows of the packed salons.

Each journalist must have a personal invitation from the individual couturiers and also have applied through their editor or publication to the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture in Paris for a press card. This carries a photograph of the holder and is carefully scrutinized in the search for fashion spies. Journalists also sign an official form promising to abide by the laws and not reveal photographs, sketches or details of designs until a specified release date.

This is to protect the designers, for after the press view the collection is shown to buyers who pay about £200 just for a look! This initial entrance fee is subtracted from the cost of the models they buy. Manufacturers would not go to this expense if they could see the silhouette and details published in newspapers and magazines.

ANY designer-buyer can gather sufficient new ideas which they can adapt for mass-produced clothes. The buyers' shows are packed by people waiting for some new gimmick which can—and has—made the rags-to-riches story come true.

They cannot afford to miss new ideas. Today, women recognize, and are always ready to buy, some new, gay fashion.

"Never," said one of the great designers, "be rude to a pretty girl. She may one day marry money and be a customer!" This sensible French attitude is very true, but **basically** every woman is a customer of the top fashion houses. Because, from the shape of shoes to the trimming of a hat—all fashion is influenced by the fabulous creations from Paris.

The new trends this season? The Cape with huge fur collar, worn with a huge fur hat was one of the big sensations. The loose unfitted line has been replaced by a more figure-hugging silhouette. There are tucked straight skirts which give a hippy look and bunchy full skirts curving into the hem like a magnet.

And for the Spring: . . ?

Dior, during the showing of some two hundred models of Autumn fashion, suddenly showed six models in ankle-length suits and dresses.

He believes in good shock value.

THEY were inspired by clothes of the 1913 vintage and to the Americans watching were reminiscent of the clothes worn by Julie Andrews in the New York musical success *My Fair Lady*.

All fashion experts now predict that in the Spring, when again he will show his new collection, ALL his clothes will be ankle length.

Complain as bitterly as you like—*you will wear them.*

PARIS TODAY . . . NEW YORK IN DECEMBER . . . LONDON—WHEN?

HAT—1910

Dior's version of the little fur hat goes with his "Old-fashioned girl" look which startled the fashion world

CHIFFON FICHU—1911

Turn up any photo album of the 1910–1914 era and you'll see this chiffon fichu worn by all the smartest girls

SUIT—1913

Dior says you'll look like this in 1957—maybe sooner. Just when it will appear in Britain is anybody's guess

AND HEMLINE—1956

Eight inches from the ground. You may not like the New Length but it'll date every dress you're wearing now

COLLANA DI MACCHERONI (THE NECKLACE)

Grease an 8-in. border mould with lard. Put 12 oz. of Quick Quaker macaroni into boiling salted water and cook rapidly for 7 minutes. Drain macaroni—do not rinse. Line and fill pre-heated mould and keep warm in the bottom of the oven (200° F., Regulo ¼). Sauce : Melt ¼ oz. butter in saucepan and add finely chopped clove of garlic, cook until golden brown. Blend in ¼ oz. plain flour until golden brown in colour. Add ¼ pt. milk slowly, then salt, pepper, 3 level tsp. grated nutmeg, juice of 1 lemon, cook gently for 12 minutes. Now add 4 oz. cooked red peppers and 4 oz. diced cooked mushrooms, reheat in sauce. Add 2 tbsp. sherry, stir well—do not boil. Turn out macaroni mould on to a warmed serving dish. Pour savoury sauce in centre and around edge. Decorate the crown with prawns and garnish the edge with 2 hard-boiled eggs cut into quarters and 4 oz. of fried mushrooms.

You'll be an enthusiast once you cook with pasta—it's colourful, piquant and versatile, says Barbara Riches

THE BEST THING about *pasta* is that it is not a monopoly of the lucky Italian. With typical Mediterranean enthusiasm he has given his macaroni, spaghetti, noodles, ravioli and a host of other types of *pasta* to the whole world.

"Pity the poor Italian peasant—all he gets is *pasta*!" used to be the cry of people anxious to impress. Pity rather the poor Englishman who has never had a taste of at least one of Italy's superb dishes, prepared as it ought to be but so seldom is in this country.

Pasta forms a large part of the Italian diet, though by no means the whole of it. It is the basis of a tremendous variety of mixtures, most of which contain some form of tomato or cheese.

Don't be put off by the way some of our restaurants blandly serve spaghetti or ravioli in a thick blanket of tasteless sauce, with a sprinkling of stale Cheddar. The Italian himself would be the first to throw up his hands in horror and let loose a flood of voluble indignation at the offenders.

But why go to a restaurant at all? You can make perfectly authentic pasta *dishes at home, since it is simply fine white wheat flour, with or without eggs.*

The French mock the Italians for cooking their meals so quickly ; the Italians laugh at the long rituals indulged in by the French. But Italians, by and large, like their food fresh, nor, in such a warm climate, do they care to stand for hours over a hot stove. Instead, they spend hours over a pastry board preparing fresh *pasta*.

A curious thing about Italian cooking is that the people do not think of it as "Italian." They speak rather in terms of regions ; there is the cooking of Rome, Florence and Venice, of Genoa, Piedmont and Naples, Lombardy, Sicily and Sardinia. For centuries the Italian peninsula was a patchwork of separate little social groups, each fiercely jealous of its own sovereignty and customs. Only in the last hundred years has there been a "United Italy."

As a result, every region has its own names for what are, in fact, the same dishes. What we know as noodles are called *fettucine*, *tagliatelle*, *tagliarini* or *pappardelle* according to where they are found at the time. Ravioli has many varieties, known as *tortellini*, *anolini*, *tortelli*, *cappelletti*, *malfatti* or *agnolotti*. It is called ravioli only in Piedmont and Genoa, and nowhere does it resemble the disappointing concoctions we pay for in English restaurants.

BUT in spite of regional differences, there are several generalizations that apply to all *pasta* dishes. The first is that it is not difficult to prepare *pasta* itself, even if you want a variety like *lasagne* or *cannelloni*, that cannot always be bought ready-made. All you need is time, patience and skill with rolling pin and pastry-board. The ready-made product is nearly as good as home-made unless you are a purist. All the ingredients you will need are to be found in this country and many of them are in daily use for English cooking. Spices and herbs will figure more often on your shopping list.

The amount of *pasta* per person is usually 3–4 oz., and it must be cooked in a large quantity of boiling, salted water. Allow about 6 quarts of water to 12 oz. of *pasta*. Cook until only slightly resistant to the teeth, put it in a pre-heated dish and serve immediately. It makes a big difference to put olive oil into the dish first, and also to place a large piece of butter on top.

While an excellent way to eat noodles is with lashings of butter and grated cheese, it is usual to have one of an infinite variety of sauces with *pasta*. Here your imagination can run riot and almost any combination will be delicious.

OLIVE oil and wine form the basis of a host of Italian sauces, although some people are under the impression that nothing else is used. But various other ingredients are added to give consistency and flavour—breadcrumbs, cheese, garlic, pounded herbs and spices. Tomatoes, while popular, must share the table.

There is the famous *ragù*, or meat sauce from Bologna ; walnut and parsley ; Genoese, made with veal; vegetables, flour, white wine and butter ; chicken livers ; tomato sauce with Marsala ; tunny fish ; Veronese mushroom ; *pesto*, a speciality of Genoa, and one of the best, with basil, garlic, pine nuts, Sardo or Parmesan cheese and oil—the list goes on and on.

While it is simpler to buy dried macaroni and spaghetti, it is better to make your own ravioli paste. This can be made with eggs or just water. The idea behind these fragile, little paste cases is that they should be filled with various delicious stuffings. They are *not* smothered with a strong sauce, but are served either in *consommé* or with butter and cheese. In these ways the delicacy of the stuffing and the quality of the home-made *pasta* are kept.

Ravioli fillings are as legion as sauces. The most common are veal, cottage cheese and spinach, but even these have different vegetables, cheeses, wines added to them. One exotic stuffing contains chestnuts, honey, chocolate, orange peel and ground almonds, flavoured with rum and cinnamon.

RAVIOLI is cooked either by boiling (till it rises to the top of the water), frying in deep fat, or baked in a sauce after boiling.

Cappelletti, or little hats, are a special type cooked in chicken broth. Their filling is usually a veal and pork mixture rather highly spiced. Another is *tortellini*, from Bologna. They are little coils of *pasta* filled with a rich white meat stuffing, and are often served as the main dish for Christmas Eve.

A special summer variety in Parma is *tortelli*, a square form filled with spinach or young beet leaves. Spinach is again used to colour large strips of *pasta* in making *lasagne verdi*, a popular dish of the Bolognese. They put successive layers of *ragù*, *bêchamel* and *lasagne* in a fireproof dish, topped off with grated Parmesan.

So—don't forget pasta *in all its rich variety. Write to me if you would like to try any of these recipes.*

PASTA . . . ITALY
ON YOUR PLATE

Tea Party

FOR THREE WIVES

Stork Wives Club

ORGANISED BY THE STORK MARGARINE COOKERY SERVICE

9 GREAT SUFFOLK STREET
LONDON, S.E.1.

* * *

Have you met any Club Members yet?

Day by day our Club membership is increasing; in fact there are now so many of us that the women you meet when you're out shopping are probably Club members and there are sure to be members in your neighbourhood.

It would be such fun for you to get together—read what one of our members has just done! Perhaps it will give *you* ideas on entertaining your friends!

I'll be writing to you again, so look out for your next Stork Wives Page!

Yours sincerely,

Margery Appleton

Mrs. W. Morris of Thornton Heath has let us know about a Tea-Party she gave the other day. While shopping in the local grocer's she started talking to two neighbours and they soon discovered that all three were members of our Stork Wives Club. That gave them something special in common, and Mrs. Morris, who loves entertaining, had an excuse to hold a Tea-Party.

Mrs. Morris has lived the longest in the neighbourhood, and she has three grown-up children. Mrs. Annette Davies, the youngest of the wives who went to tea, is newly-married and has only just come to live in apartments near Mrs. Morris. Because she and her husband are saving hard for a home of their own, Annette works as a shop assistant. The second guest, Mrs. Eileen Thompson, has been married for five years and has two very young children. When we read Mrs. Morris's descriptions of her guests, we were struck by the fact that these three wives really do correspond to the three groups of wives that we talk about in our Club pages.

We're sure you'd like to know what Mrs. Morris gave her guests for tea, and as the food was so good, we'll pass on the recipes to you. Then you can try them out on *your* friends!

For special occasions there's nothing like a personal touch, so Mrs. Morris made a delicious Rainbow Layer Cake. . . .

RAINBOW LAYER CAKE. Sieve 8 oz. (8 heaped tablespoons) self-raising flour. Cream together 8 oz. Stork and 8 oz. (8 rounded tablespoons) castor sugar. Beat in, one at a time, four eggs, adding a little sieved flour with each egg after the first. Divide in half, add a few drops green culinary colouring to one portion and a few drops red to the other and fold in evenly. Put into two 8-inch sandwich tins with a round of greaseproof paper in the bottom of each, and brushed with melted Stork. Spread smoothly, and bake side by side on the middle shelf of a moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4: 360°F.) for 35-40 minutes. (If space is limited, divide ingredients in half, weigh and make and bake separately.) Cool on a wire tray. When cold cut each cake in half, spread each layer with Stork Icing (see recipe) and sandwich together. Ice cake all over, mark in a pattern with a fork or palette knife and decorate with sliced multi-coloured jelly sweets.

Raspberry Icing. Cream 6 oz. Stork with 8 oz. sieved icing sugar. Beat in a further 8 oz. sieved icing sugar, and 3 tablespoons juice from tinned raspberries or strawberries (or milk, and ½ teaspoon raspberry or strawberry essence).

To give the right homely touch there was plenty of brown and white bread and scones, spread with Stork. . . .

Then there were some delicious Lemon Coconut slices which were a great success. We're sure you'd love to have them when friends come to tea!

LEMON COCONUT SLICES. Sieve 8 oz. (8 heaped tablespoons) plain flour with a pinch of salt. Rub in 5 oz. Stork. Stir in 1 rounded dessertspoon sugar, and mix with 1 tablespoon cold water. Roll out thinly to an oblong, cut into two long strips 10 × 4 inches. Brush rims with water, cut ¼-inch wide strips from trimmings and press on to each rim, forming a raised border. Brush with milk, sprinkle with castor sugar, and place on baking sheet.

Spread each of the strips with 1 heaped tablespoon lemon curd. Mix 4 heaped tablespoons desiccated coconut with 2 heaped tablespoons castor sugar, 1 beaten egg, and the finely grated rind of 1 lemon. Spread over lemon curd. Bake for 25-30 minutes in a very moderate oven (Regulo Mark 3: 335°F.) on the third shelf from the top. Remove and while still hot, cut in inch-wide fingers with a sharp knife. Decorate with glacé cherries and angelica—or nuts.

The Tea-Party was a great success. The three wives gossiped gaily, and soon became firm friends. What a wonderful idea this is! It's such fun to entertain friends in this informal way—perhaps it will encourage you to get to know some Club Members!

VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4

HAVE YOU JOINED YET?

I want to become a member of the Stork Wives Club. I enclose a 1/- Postal Order to cover cost of registration and to help towards postage and packing. (Postal Orders should be made payable to Van den Berghs Ltd., and crossed "& Co.")

I would like a copy of the "Art of Home Cooking" (100 page Cookery Book). (If you already have this book, please cross out the above.)

Applicable to people living in U.K. only.

MEMBERSHIP FORM

To Stork Wives Club (Dept. D.32).
9 Great Suffolk Street, London, S.E.1.

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JSC 463-692

CRANKO—THE NEW GOLDEN BOY

One pocket-size revue sent the critics into ecstasies. . . . What now? asks Anthony Davis

"I AM working," said John Cranko, "on a new ballet. Next on my schedule is a full-scale musical show. Then I want to write a play. Opera? Yes, I may do something operatic."

"No plans for a novel?" I asked. "Or an ice show?"

"*I don't believe anyone should try to do too much,*" *said Cranko rather severely.*

I had gone to an externally shabby house in that part of London called Victoria, Pimlico or Belgravia according to gentility—Cranko called it S.W.1—to see the twenty-eight year old author-producer of the pocket-sized revue, *Cranks*.

This was the show that Princess Margaret saw three times in fourteen weeks and also visited and criticized in rehearsal—a show that, perhaps in consequence, became almost a cult.

Cranks also transmuted Cranko from a choreographer unknown outside the intimate world of ballet into the new golden boy of the theatre.

I went to see Cranko to discover whether he proposed to attempt to consolidate his position or to slip back into ballet and, incidentally, to try to assess to what extent Princess Margaret was responsible for his success.

It is not easy to contact Cranko. Dialling his telephone number usually brings only the engaged tone. When I found him he was talking on the phone.

As soon as he put it down it rang again. I studied the carpet—eighty per cent violent yellow—and the potted plants which stretched octopus-like tentacles across the big room like creatures from a Wellsian nightmare, and fondled his dachshund bitch, Clyte.

I studied him. He bears no outward signs of genius; he is no larger-than-life character. I saw an affable, rather vague-mannered young man with shaggy hair, a slightly ruddy face and a pleasant smile.

BETWEEN persistent telephone calls we talked. First, inevitably, about *Cranks*. For the benefit of the non-U, *Cranks* was a new-style revue without a single blackout sketch, without any mention of B. and K., Lady Docker or any topical subject.

With a cast of four, it was claimed to be the smallest musical show ever staged. Critics, giving it the most ecstatic notices in years, found it "surrealist . . . as mad and as logical as a dream . . . a subtle blend of Third Programme and Crazy Gang" and much more.

Would it have enjoyed the success it did without the patronage—and publicity—of Princess Margaret. Cranko said he didn't know. But he admitted the effect on the box office had been "amazing."

The result of Cranko's success in terms of cash: "About £25 a week," he said. In other ways: "It has opened many doors to me."

We discussed the open doors and why he plans to write a ballet, a musical and a play. His reasons are similar to the reasons that led to *Cranks*.

About ballet: "At Sadler's Wells you must have a narrative, a story." (The tone in his voice indicated the foolishness of the idea.) "I would like to get away from that. I would like to do something different."

The ballet on which he is working now is a fairy tale, *Prince Of The Pagodas*, to music by Benjamin Britten. It is for Covent Garden.

About musicals: "The formula is always the same; it hasn't changed since *Floradora*. Everyone is a 'nice guy.'" (There was scorn in his voice.) "It is all so gay and too saccharine for words. I want to do something different."

About plays he said: "I want to do something poetic. T. S. Eliot puts ideas into words. But there is no movement. Look at *Murder In The Cathedral*. It's conventional theatre. *I want to do something different.*

"I feel," he said, "about the theatre as a whole, that it is too full of conventions, formulae. I want to get free from its time-and-place restrictions. I want——"

"You want to do something different," I completed for him. I was in the mood by now. I would not have been surprised if Clyte—asleep by his side—had echoed the words. She must have heard them many times before.

Cranko has youth and talent. He is an intellectual with head in the clouds and a foot on the ground. I told him I hoped he would write his ballet and his musical and his play. I hoped they would be different as *Cranks* was different.

The theatre could use something different.

GIMMICK FOR STRINGS

POSSIBLY you have never heard of Ronald Binge. You can hardly, though, have avoided hearing of Annunzio Paolo Mantovani, the fabulous Mantovani of the Midas touch whom the Americans (he tells us) call "the Maestro." Yet, but for Binge. . . .

Mantovani, despite his undoubted talents, had for a quarter of a century pursued a cosy but unspectacular career. Until six years ago when Binge, then his arranger, invented a new sound—the echoing, cascading strings effect which has become Mantovani's trademark. (The effect is obtained by having an orchestra with an overwhelming preponderance of strings which are divided into squads and make their entrances overlap fractionally.)

In 1951 Binge made an arrangement of "Charmaine" using this device. Mantovani's recording of it sold a million copies, won him a gold disc and international status and popularity.

Mantovani's latest record, "Always" and three other Irving Berlin waltzes on a Decca EP, is as mellow as his issues always are.

But the magic seems to have faded. Have we grown too accustomed to the effect which he now applies to everything he plays? Is the gimmick wearing out?—HENRY LEWIS

TURNABOUT TOPCOAT

Brought to you, cut out and ready to sew for as little as £2

THIS MONTH, *EVE'S* "Short Cut" service presents an all-wool tweed overcoat for boy or girl. It comes to you cut out—even the buttonholes are ready-made—and complete with buckle and buttons. The material is in a herringbone design, and there are four delicious misty tweed colours for you to choose from — blue, Lovat green, brown mixture, and turquoise.

★ ★ ★

IT WILL DELIGHT Junior and Minimiss with its scarlet tartan lining (included, too, of course). And whatever size you order, there's a generous "let-down" on both cuffs and bottom hem, plus two useful inset pockets for handkerchief or pennies.

DETAILS. There are eight sizes, from 18 (for a two-year-old) to 32. The price (including packing and postage) ranges from £2 0s. 11d. for size 18 to £2 14s. 11d. for size 32; the cost increasing by 2s. per size. Thus size 20 would cost £2 2s. 11d., size 22, £2 4s. 11d., and so on. All orders *must* be accompanied by our special order form (below). Cheques and postal orders should be crossed and payable to Eve Fashion-Pac Service

NEXT MONTH—A winter shirt for skirt or jeans

Eve Fashion-Pac Service (2)
Ingram House, 195-8 Strand, London, W.C.2.

Please send me one ready-to-sew tweed coat for which I enclose my cheque/postal order.

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Size..... Amount enclosed.....

Colour..... 2nd colour choice.....

NOBODY (but us) SEES MR. C

"Nobody, but nobody, ever sees Mr. Chaplin working." That was what we were told when EVE wanted to report on the brilliant new Chaplin film now being made at Shepperton Studios. We sent writer MARGARET COWAN down anyway. Womanlike, she came, she conquered, and she saw. Read her fascinating exclusive story in EVE next month.

☆ ☆ ☆

MURDER ON THE ROADS

The scream of tyres on a wet road . . . the dull thud before a little body catapults across the tarmac . . . the clang of an ambulance bell. These are the sounds of murder—murder that is happening every hour of every day on every road in Britain. The killers are the man next door, the woman you see over morning coffee: the motorists who drive without care. These murderers must be stopped. EVE's plan for keeping death off the road IS A FEATURE NO MOTHER CAN AFFORD TO MISS.

☆ ☆ ☆

THIS OLD HOUSE . . .

Nobody likes our old houses. The owners are apologetic; the agents sceptical; and the mortgage companies downright rude. But make no mistake, our grandfathers knew how to build a house to last. And they provided something almost impossible to buy today: SPACE. Old houses *can* be modernized, *can* be made pleasant to live in, *can* be easy to run. Peter Johns tells you how.

PLUS THE WORLD'S BEST FEATURES FROM BRITAIN'S MOST BRILLIANT WRITERS

IN Eve *NEXT MONTH*

How can you blank out ten years of memories?

THE END OF A MARRIAGE

"You cannot divorce the heart," says the writer. "Memories will live without alimony." He and his wife have parted. But he still loves her. Because of the chance of a reconciliation, of a re-marriage, his name will not be disclosed

IT'S all over now. The conferences with solicitors, counsel's cool advice, the house sold, the furniture divided, the children taken aside and explained to —ten years of happiness and increasing tribulation wiped off the blackboard of living. MY WIFE AND I ARE DIVORCED.

But you cannot blank out ten years of living. You cannot divorce the heart. Memories will live without alimony. Bitterness, no matter who is the guilty party, seems to burn less fiercely every day. . . .

I thought I could look at women with new eyes. I thought I could stride over the hill to a new beginning. But the hill was far steeper than I had ever imagined and my eyes were not new.

My eyes were the eyes that had looked on, and loved, my wife. They took no heed of law which said we were no longer man and wife.

I would not go again through the agony of parting that I endured this last year. No matter how impossible the relationship between my wife and me had become, my mind, wilful and unco-operative, returned unerringly to the golden moments of our marriage: to the laughter, the Christmas tree children, the quick embraces, the champagne successes and the morning wakings that I shall never write about.

But I am divorced now. Reconciliations, like old love letters, are best torn up. We had tried in the past and they had never lasted.

I can think of nothing more painful or ludricrous than the about-to-be divorced male stumbling through the social round. For I was dismally lonely—*and vulnerable.*

What friends should I meet? Who, out of all the people my wife and I had known during our marriage, should be her friends now? And who mine? Inevitably, at the start of divorce proceedings (especially when they begin, as did ours, with such bitter recriminations and such a passion of hatred) each one seeks out those friends or gossip-curious acquaintances who will sympathize.

Yet I quickly found that the only sympathy that counted was that which was impartial. I rejected the unquestioning delegation of all the wrong to my wife and all the right to myself. *It takes two to make a marriage: it takes two to make a divorce.*

ONCE the divorce papers had been served on me I left the house to my wife and two boys and went to stay with friends till I could find some suitable, and economic, accommodation. But to stay with a man and his wife in their home, was, in the early days, torture.

Here paraded were all the intimacies I had lost: the family towels on the bath rail, the quiver of toothbrushes, the toy boat high and dry on a shore of sponges, the household bills paper-weighted beneath a bottle of burgundy.

There was all that. But there was more—as a man going through a divorce I had become a target for all men who were anti-women, for every amateur psychiatrist, amateur sociologist, and social misfit. There were a lot of women who "understood" too.

It was hard to keep balance and proportion, tolerance and humour alive since I was wounded by the blow of impending divorce and at times the delirium led inevitably to false judgments.

I was, after a time, hungry for someone to love, for someone to be important to, for someone to whom my voice on the telephone was laughter and relief.

I wanted desperately a woman to live in my mind and heart—a woman to buy flowers for or to be aware of if I saw a dress in a shop window; a woman to tell triumphs to and a woman to tell *me* about what Mary said or how she wasn't going to buy Blocks Biscuits any more and had I read the review of that film and why were critics always carping?

There was the need for femininity about the place. The desire for perfume across the room, the slim impatience of a woman's hand stubbing a cigarette, a stocking on a chair, a sigh of impatience, the lovely curve of a thigh on the firelit sofa. . . .

Only, in the limited social round, what was I as a man-about-to-be-divorced? I was neither good red fish nor bad red herring. Would I finally get a decree absolute? How much alimony would I have to pay? Who would end up with the children?

SINGLE women of charm and intelligence naturally ask themselves these questions. No sensible woman gets herself involved with a man going through a divorce unless she is the other woman. There are men about and plenty. A girl need not involve herself with secondhand goods.

There was this too: it takes a long time to forget even a little the woman you have loved and lived with for years. She is always with you. You must face the worst loneliness possible.

Because all the time you can say to yourself—we could try again. She is there in the house, and I can telephone her. . . .

For a time I did not have a proper place to hang my hat. I was a stateless person. When I finally found a small flat at a rent I could afford (I still wish I had been able to afford new furniture instead of the pieces covered with memories I had shared out with my wife) the place seemed bare and empty. I wanted a woman to live in it, to make it that much-mocked but still, to my mind, lovely place—home.

Running through all this, this background of statelessness, of no anchor, of recollections, was always the thought of the two boys and how much they had been hurt, and would be hurt in the future. (*Continued on page 70*)

BRITANNIA and

Eve

. . . presents the first "Home-tested" report from its Wives' Panel— the only *completely independent* survey ever sponsored by a British magazine. This month: FOOD MIXING MACHINES

AND THIS IS WHAT THE PANEL HAVE

THE PANEL—SIX WOMEN, ONE MAN

MRS. MACKENZIE

Jeanne MacKenzie, 34, has two children, Janetta, 5, and Julia, two months. She lives with her journalist husband in a Victorian house in Hampstead. Before her marriage, 11 years ago, she was a Civil Servant.

MRS. MACNEILL

Mary MacNeill is 28. Her husband is a representative for a steel firm. A physiotherapist, works two mornings a week in a local hospital. "I don't let housework rule my life."

MRS. GAZE

Anne Gaze is 25, has two children, Nicholas, 4, and Anthony, 5. Husband is a doctor. They live in Hampstead. They met as medical students. Says: "I think a woman should take an interest in her husband's career."

MISS RICHES

Barbara Riches (Mrs. David Bate) is *EVE's* Home Editor. She sat in at the conference in the Waldorf Hotel but did not play an active part (the panel is independent of *EVE*). She is 30, married to a Canadian.

LADY PAKENHAM

The panel's chairwoman is in her late forties and the mother of eight children —four boys and four girls—aged from 8 to 23. Says: "The home centres on the mother—and it is up to her to make it as gay and as attractive as possible."

MISS BOWRON

Marjorie Bowron, aged 22, is an *EVE* secretary. She recorded the panel's opinions. Says: "I have to stay smart in my job—why do so many married women let themselves go?"

MR. BRITTAIN

J. V. Brittain, leading expert on matters electrical. He feels this new *EVE* venture may impress many friends in the advertising world—"but it will undoubtedly be of excellent service to the housewife."

MRS. SELLEY

Mrs. Antonia ("Toni") Selley is 36, has five children—Penelope, 8, Stephen, 6, Amanda, 4, Mark, 2, and baby Melanie. She married 12 years ago while studying for a degree in Sociology. Says: "I'm an old-fashioned housewife. I love cooking."

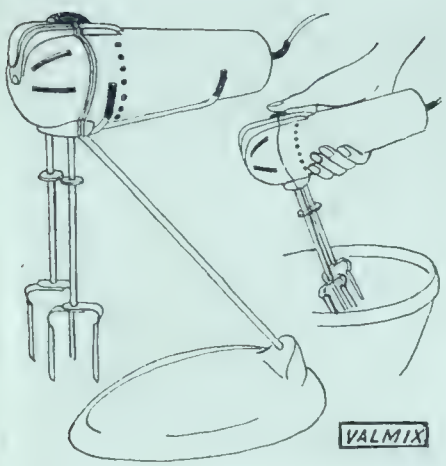
MRS. GOODWIN

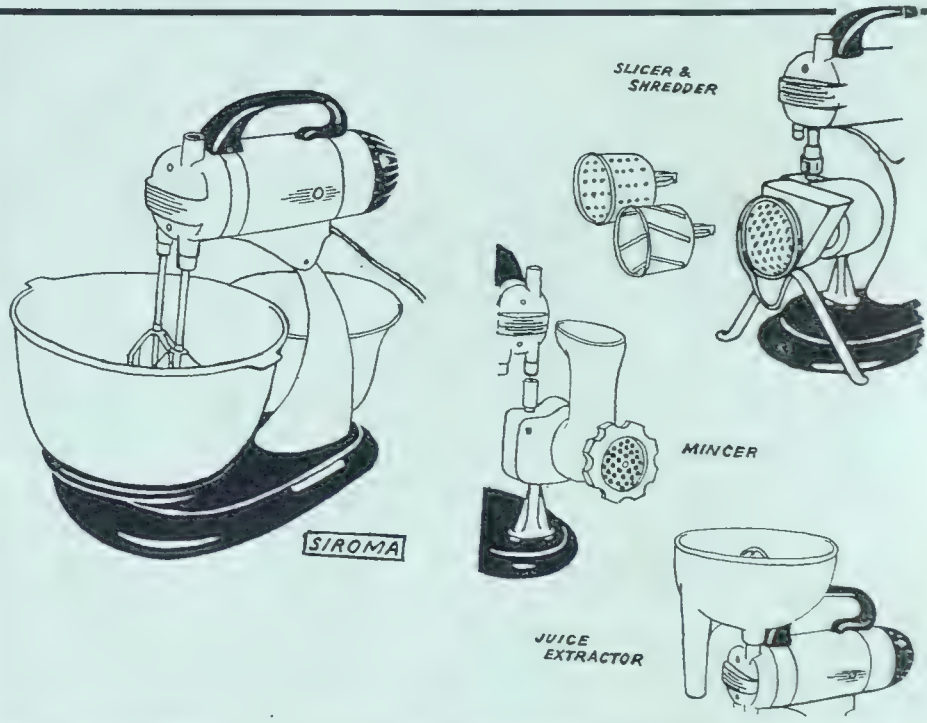
Suzanne Goodwin and her husband are publicists. She works for an American advertising agency; he is at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. They have three children: Marigold, 14, James, 12, and Timothy, 2.

Mrs. Anne Gaze and Lady Pakenham compare views on one of the machines. Looking on: Home Editor Barbara Riches

TECHNICAL DATA—VALMIX: Portable, easily gripped in the hand, and weighs little more than one pound. It has a thumb-switch control, two synchronized, detachable, rust-proof beaters which are interchangeable and easy to clean. No special bowl or stand is needed, and any kitchen utensil can be used. Do not immerse motor in water, but wipe with a damp cloth. Consumption 45 watts, giving 20 hours per unit; motor suppressed. Cream plastic. Price £8 1s. 1d. Stand available at 15s. 3d.

TECHNICAL DATA—SIROMA: Price £20 17s. 3d., including stand, motor arm, two heat-resisting glass bowls of 2 and 5 pints, one pair of stainless steel beaters and a recipe book. A juice extractor, £1 16s. 7d., with strainer and juice extractor bowl. Mincer attachment, price £2 14s. 10d. Will mince raw or cooked meat, vegetables, stale bread, etc. Grater, shredder and slicer attachment, price £2 14s. 10d. Both attachments fit into the same power gear unit, price £4 17s. 6d. The beaters have a varying speed range from about 250 to 750 revolutions per minute, controlled by a regulator knob. The mixer is portable and suppressed for radio and television. Fitted with a three-core cable.





COMMENTS *Mrs. Anne Gaze:* The uses of the mixer were far more limited than claimed. It would not cream quite soft butter and sugar, nor did it do basic mixing. Fat was flung clear of the beaters instead of being creamed. However, it was practical for whipping eggs and cream. It gradually became too hot to hold. Although labelled "suppressed," it interfered badly with the radio in the next room. Simple to operate, and the stand is useful.

Mr. Brittain: Useful for light stirring, but unsuitable for heavier work. Motor too small for long use, but not dangerous when hot. Design, switch, etc., quite good.

COMMENTS *Mrs. Antonia Selley:* Very satisfied with the mixer in every way. She found the mincer a most useful attachment. The whole was easy to clean, but she wanted more attachments. No dust cover—this is very important because large mixers should be kept up all the time if they are going to be of any real use. Wireless suppression was not adequate. (Mrs. Selley is going to buy a food mixer as a result of her testing.)

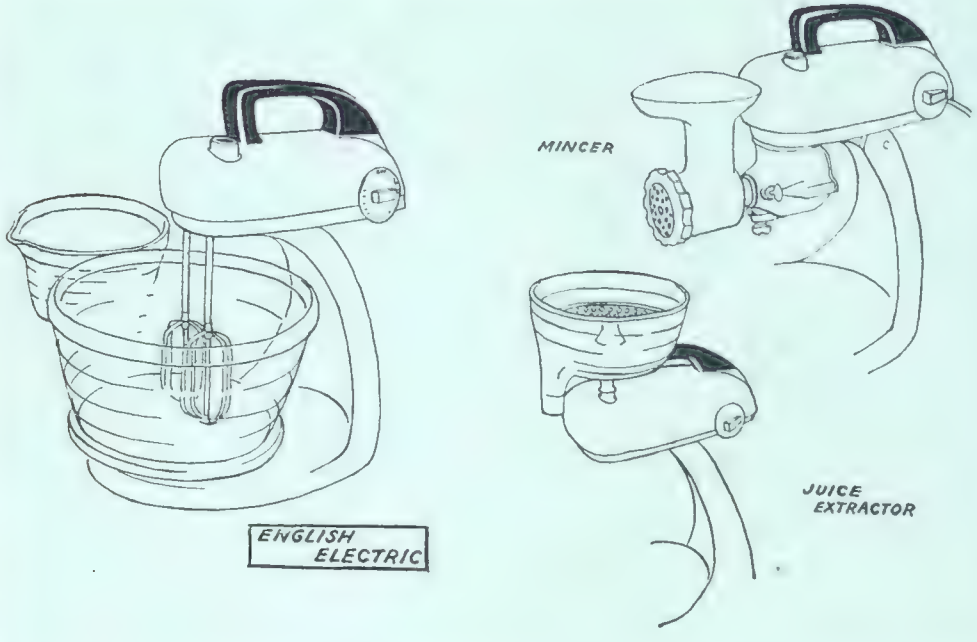
Mr. Brittain: A substantial heavyweight unit for table use, which should have a long life. Can be used as a portable, but it is very heavy. Could be described as a "utility" model.

TECHNICAL DATA—HANDIMIX:

Supplied with a pint-size, oven-proof glass mixing bowl. It forms its own detachable cover for the bowl, and has a press-button switch set in the top. The rust-proof beater-paddle is designed for all-round use. It does not require oiling, but prolonged running causes the motor to over-heat. Consumption is about 75 watts, on 200 to 250 volts. A.C. only. In plastic.

TECHNICAL DATA—ENGLISH ELECTRIC:

Price £19 17s. 5d., including stand, motor arm, two oven-proof glass bowls of 2 and 5 pints (small one has a pouring lip), two polished, stainless-steel clip-in beaters, plastic dust cover, 9 ft. of three-core rubber cable, and a recipe book. It has a finger-tip control dial to control its twenty speeds. The mixer head is portable. Mincer attachment, price £5 18s. 11d., consists of a small power unit, two cutters and a wooden pestle. Juice extractor, price £2 7s. 6d., has a moulded glass non-slip bowl, detachable glazed porcelain reamer with perforated aluminium strainer, and a clip-on aluminium spout. Also an oil dripper for mayonnaise. In cream or white enamel.



COMMENTS

Mrs. Mary MacNeill: A neat, compact little machine, but the paddle was too small for the bowl provided, and did not reach to the bottom of the mixture. Quite inadequately powered for cake mixes, though very good for small quantities—one egg. Liquid mixtures tended to splash over the sides of the bowl.

Mr. Brittain: Small motor suitable only for light work. Protruding press-button switch not recommended, owing to possibility of damage. Useful in the smaller home.

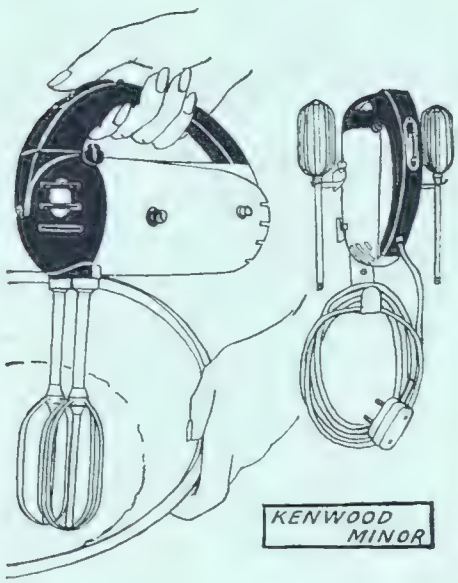
COMMENTS

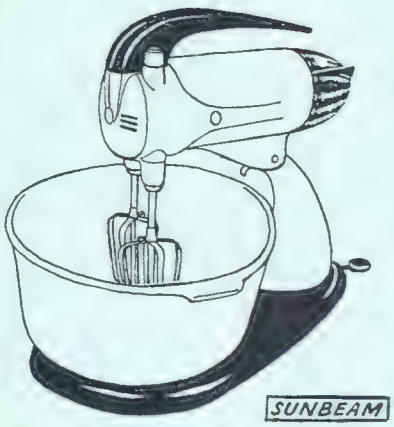
Mrs. Mary MacNeill: The mixer did its job extremely efficiently. Cakes were much lighter and less trial to make than by hand. She found the mincer and mixer most useful. However, when the mincer jammed, the whole thing had to be taken apart, instead of merely turning backwards as with a hand mincer. The juicer was a waste of time (all the panel were agreed on this point). The turntable tended not to turn, and the paddle did not completely cover the whole area of the bowl. She would have liked more attachments, *e.g.*, a liquidizer.

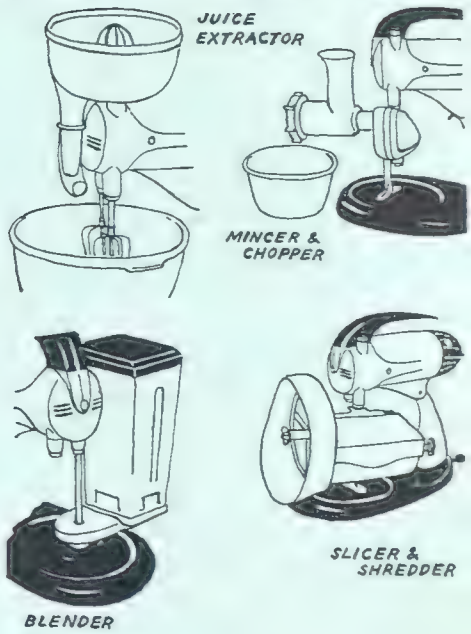
Mr. Brittain: A well-made, typically British unit for table operation, the mixer part being portable if required (rather heavy for holding but lighter than some). Electrically sound, with good speed control.

TECHNICAL DATA—KENWOOD MINOR: Price £10 8s. 8d. A light, compact, portable mixer, with a thumb switch control. It weighs only 3½ lb., and can be used in any bowl or saucepan. Twin beaters, instantly detachable by a press-button release. Fitted with 6 ft. of three-core cable. It can mix, beat, mash, blend or whip. Does not need oiling, and is easy to clean. Provided with a special wall bracket. Suitable for either 100 to 125, or 200 to 250 volts, A.C. or D.C. current.

TECHNICAL DATA—SUNBEAM: Price £24 3s., including stand, portable motor, two white glass bowls of 2¾ and 6 pints, twin beaters conforming to the bowls' shape, one having a nylon button which rests on the bottom of the bowl and controls bowl speed as well as beater speed. Regulator knob with ten speeds. Revolving platform, beater ejector, and shift lever to ensure correct positioning with either bowl. Blender, £6 6s., chops, shreds, grates, minces, and pulverizes any vegetable. Good for milk shakes, too. Meat mincer and power unit, £6 6s., has three knives for meat or vegetables. Slicer and shredder, £6 6s. Juice extractor, £1 1s., includes glass bowl. Obtainable for all standard voltages, A.C./D.C.







COMMENTS *Mrs. Jeanne MacKenzie:* Excellent value, extremely useful, and a genuine time-saver. With it her husband mixed his first chocolate cake, in six minutes. It showed no sign of over-loading for normal uses. The beaters tended to loosen, and could be ejected inadvertently. The rear end should be flat for standing upright when not in use.

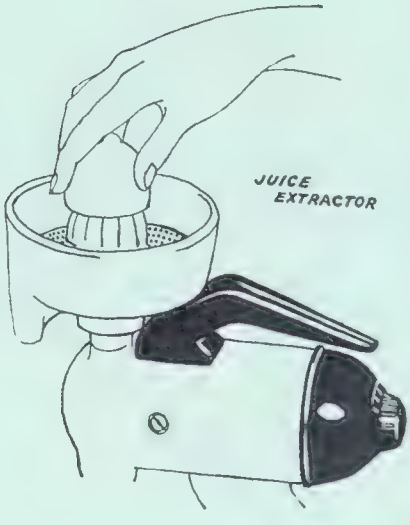
Mr. Brittain: Nicely designed and quite capable of serious work within the limitations of a portable unit. A reasonable compromise between light weight and robustness. Agrees with criticism of beater arms and shape.

COMMENTS *Mrs. Anne Gaze:* Was excellent for all whipping and cake mixing. Not very good for mixing fat into flour. Mincer very simple and efficient, but blender would not chop vegetables unless water was added. Also, mixer could fulfil all the blender's functions. Slicing attachment was most useful, with good safety device. Simple to operate and clean, but its suppressor was not adequate. Another small bowl is a necessary part of the equipment, and the panel agreed.

Mr. Brittain: An attractive unit bearing the American features of good design and finish. Speed control excellent, and a machine which would give confidence in operation. Electrically very sound.

TECHNICAL DATA—RAPIDE MIXSTIR :

Price £25 1s. 10d., including stand, motor arm, twin stainless steel detachable beaters, two white glass oven-ware bowls with easy-grip sides, of 3 and 5 pints, juice extractor with glass bowl and recipe book. Beater speeds are from 300 to 900 revolutions per minute, with eight speeds controlled by a regulator knob. Bowls fit into a turntable which ensures correct beater position, and bowls are offset to give easy access when adding ingredients while working. Four non-slip rubber feet. Requires oiling. The motor is suitable for 100 to 110 or 200 to 250 volts, A.C. only. Is suppressed for wireless and television.



COMMENTS

Mrs. Antonia Selley : Very efficient, especially for cakes. With it she made the best Duchesse potatoes ever. Easy to operate and clean. Having a large family, she thinks it is a "must" that a mixer should have plenty of attachments. As they are so expensive it is not worth buying a machine for the mixer alone. Except for large quantities, found the juicer a waste of time. Recipes were too dull, and should have given Regulo numbers. The panel were agreed on this.

Mr. Brittain : A heavy, robust table mixer—not quite as neat as some—controls sound. Scores on the side of robustness. Likely to give good service, but is not as attractive as it could be made. Mixer part not portable. Sweep of blades not adjustable.

TECHNICAL DATA—ROMIX :

Price £19 10s., comprising motor base with arm, two glass bowls of 2½ and 5 pints, five whisks : creamer, cake-beater, dough-beater, and two small ones for small cakes. This machine can also be bought as a juice extractor with attachments, at £25 13s. 8d., or £4 17s. 7d. High-speed shredder and slicer (with automatic ejector), £6 13s. 7d., will take up to 2 lb. of vegetables or fruit. Blender goblet, £5 14s., has a capacity of 2 pints, and the knife mechanism will

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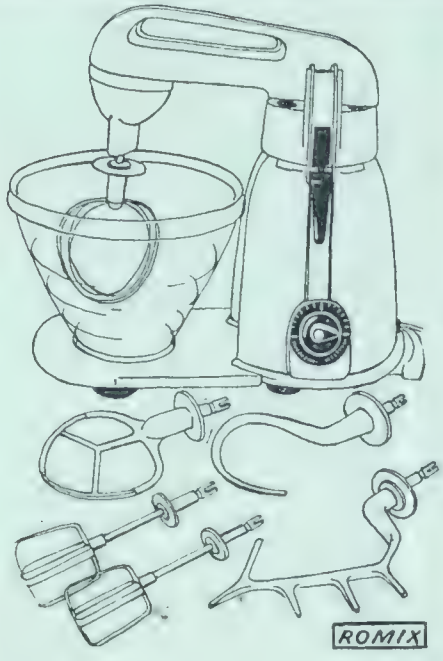


COMMENTS

Mrs. Jeanne Mac-Kenzie : The machine and attachments do everything they claim very efficiently. It is a testimony to the skill of the manufacturer rather than for ease of kitchen use. It is unattractive in design, very cumbersome and not easy to fit together at first. The machine would be more efficient if the mixing arm were permanently assembled, and attachments could be quickly

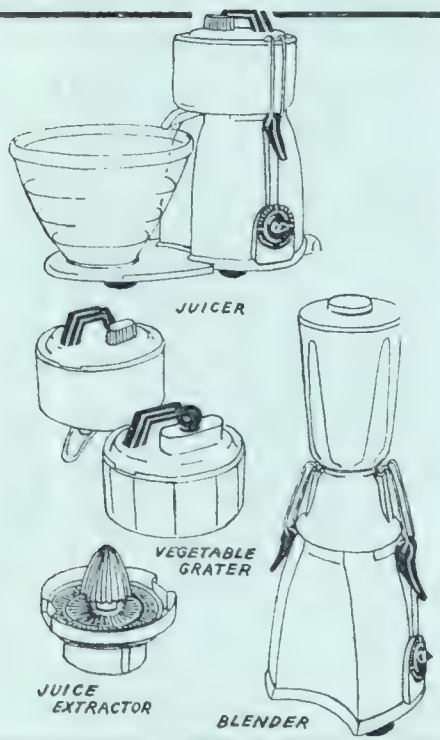
(continued overleaf)

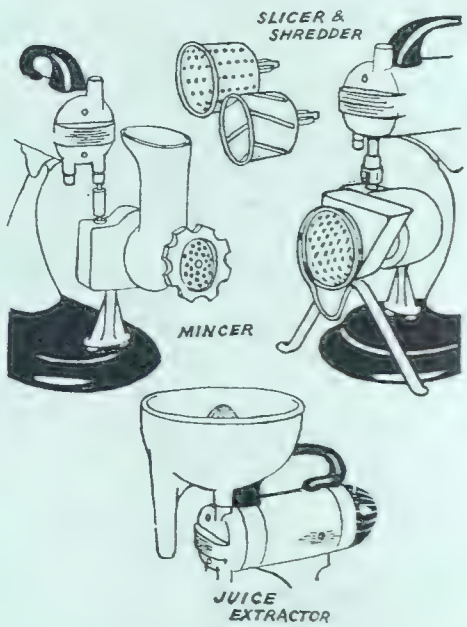
TECHNICAL DATA—ROMIX *(continued)*:

automatically stop revolving if the goblet is unscrewed. Citrus juice extractor, £2 2s. Mincer, £3 19s. 6d. All speeds are obtainable within the range of 2,000 to 14,000 revolutions per minute, by means of a regulator knob. Automatic cut-off in case of overloading. Sturdy motor of 400 watts, A.C./D.C. Two clamps to hold attachments firm, and three suction feet to keep machine in position.

TECHNICAL DATA—DUCO :

Price £20 17s. 2d., with stand, motor arm, two heat-resisting glass bowls of 2 and 5 pints, twin stainless steel beaters, and a recipe book. Juice extractor assembly, £1 16s. 7d., comprising an extractor, plastic bowl and strainer. Mincing attachment, £2 14s. 11d., for meat and vegetables. Grater attachment, £2 14s. 11d., complete with three interchangeable drums : grater, shredder and slicer. Power gear unit, £4 17s. 6d., for adapting mixer for use with mincer and grater. There are two models, one using a voltage of 200 to 220, the other 230 to 250. Both are A.C./D.C., and have a speed range of 250 to 750 revolutions per minute, with knob control. Radio and television suppressed. Mixer can be lifted off its stand when required.





COMMENTS *(continued)*

set up without dismantling the basic mixer. The blender and safety devices are excellent.

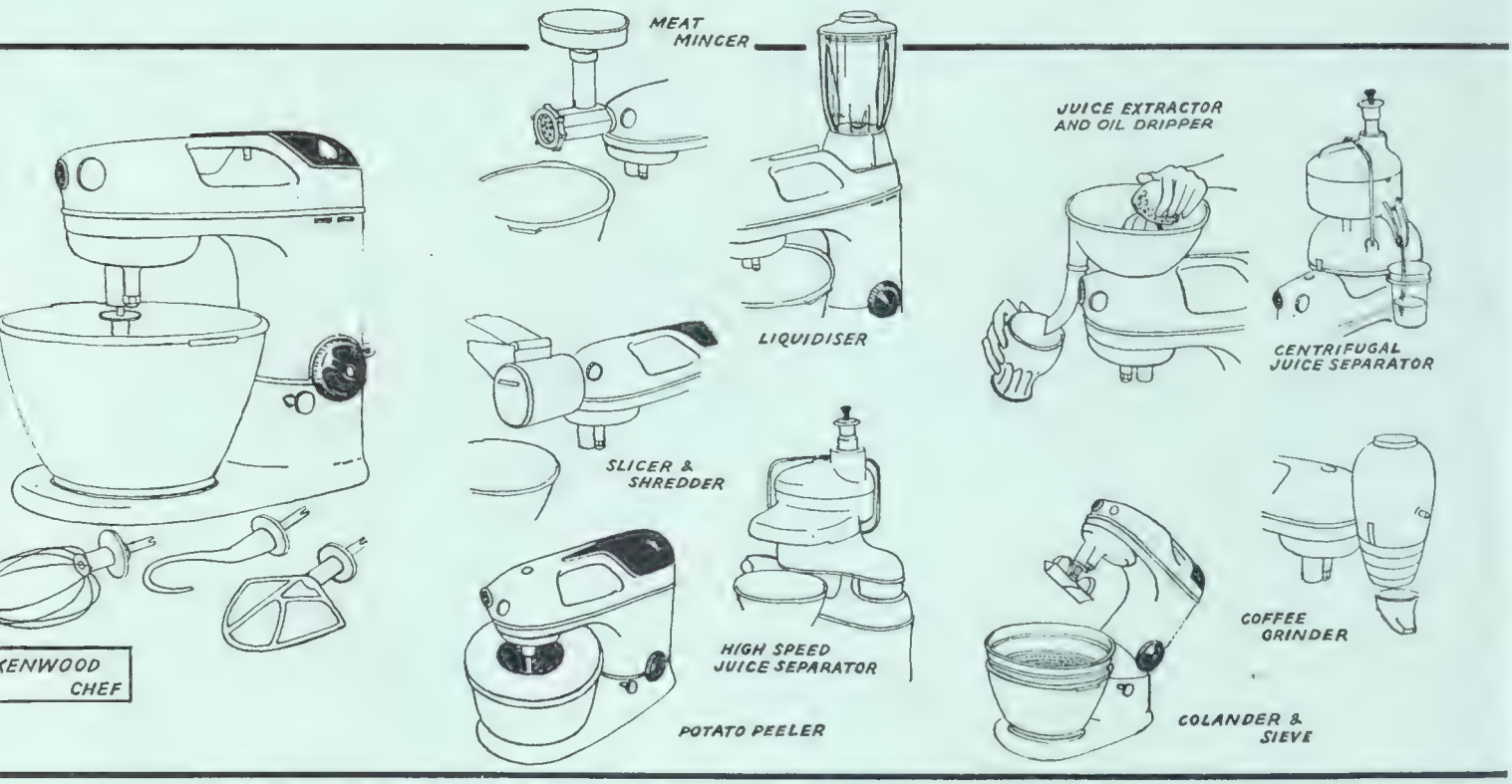
Mr. Brittain : A rather complicated arrangement with an awkward switch, and not outstanding in any way. Some improvements in design, finish, etc., desirable.

COMMENTS

Mrs. Suzanne Goodwin : Gives the best of both worlds between large and small mixers. It beats a cake extremely well, is neat and handy—and not too expensive. Simple to operate and clean. For the young mother with children, to whom tea is an important meal, it is an absolute boon—but not a must. All mixers are most useful to the woman who finds mixing by hand very tiring, or who does not enjoy work in the kitchen. Nevertheless, they remain a luxury.

Mr. Brittain : A standard type table mixer, with no outstanding features, but soundly constructed. Lighter than the more successful models, but should give good service. Controls satisfactory.

TECHNICAL DATA—KENWOOD CHEF : Price £31 8s., with stand, motor arm, "K" beater, whisk, dough hook, one glass, heat-resistant, 6-pint bowl, dust cover and rubber spatula. Juice extractor, £1 12s. 4d. Oil dripper, 4s. 6d. Meat mincer, £3 4s. 7d., with knife, two cutters, pestle and hopper. Liquidiser, £5 0s. 7d., which liquidises, pulverises and blends. Colander and sieve, £2 1s. 6d., with three sieves and paddle. Coffee mill, £4 19s. 5d. Juice separator (unit only), £4 17s. 7d. High-speed slicer and shredder (unit only), £7 0s. 10d. Drive unit for the last two, £6 0s. 1d. Potato peeler, £5 0s. 7d. Slicer and shredder, £4 3s. 6d. Six-pint stainless steel mixing bowl, £4 6s. 5d. Planetary action of the beater arm ensures "double thorough" mixing. Available in voltage ranges of 100 to 125, 150 to 175, or 200 to 250, either A.C. or D.C. Body castings come in white, cream, signal red, pastel blue, apple green and dove grey. Plastic parts in signal red, mid-blue, white, emerald green, black, yellow and cream.



COMMENTS *Mrs. Suzanne Goodwin :* Completely satisfied with the mixer, the attachments she was able to master, and the running of the machine—it was a pleasure to use. It is rather a Rolls-Royce for the ordinary woman, and not all the attachments are necessary. Liked the potato peeler best, then the liquidiser, for soups and milk shakes, but thought the instruction book inadequate for so complicated a machine.

Mr. Brittain : A well-thought-out table unit, having some useful features. The planetary motion is excellent, and the complete operation satisfactory. Controls very good, and gearing, etc., arranged to take additional gadgets, making it the most useful model. Finish well above average, and in general very difficult to fault.

In Conclusion

The panel's chief talking-points, criticisms and suggestions were :

SIZE : *Most of them preferred large machines.*

POSITION : *Large mixers need a special table in the kitchen so they are permanently available. Dust cover essential.*

INTERFERENCE : *All machines should be fitted with effective suppressors.*

SAFETY : *Tip for users—mixers must have their own plugs—both must be out of children's reach.*

INSTRUCTIONS : *Written instructions with large mixers were generally inadequate. Recipe books could be brighter and should give Regulo numbers.*

IMPROVEMENTS : *Deeper mixing bowls, a mincer that does not clog, a third bowl and beater blades that cover the whole surface of the bowl.*

PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED *by the panel and the expert—Kenwood Chef, the small Kenwood Minor, Sunbeam, English Electric, Siroma and Duco.*

WHAT'S YOUR BEAUTY SECRET?

NOTHING GOES RIGHT FOR ME . . .

I GUESS I'M JUST NOT THE BANDBOX TYPE

—says PHOEBE WINCH

I'M really *not*. I've read all the advice in the beauty books but I *never* have that smart, well-groomed look. Wherever I go, *I* am always the woman with slightly dirty fingernails, a smudge on her nose, and white gloves that aren't white.

I am never *quite* as smart as all the other women. I have come to the conclusion that some are just born that way. And others aren't.

It's all very, very unfair. I get hot and bothered about it—which only makes me look worse.

I ask myself: *Why is it my stockings are laddered? Why is it my belt is buckled into a fraying, home-made hole? Why is it my skirt is creased? (Did the others get here without ever sitting down?)*

Why is it *my* hat shifts, unaided, to its most unattractive angle?

I used to think it was all my fault. I decided to take those beauty articles seriously and REALLY do all the things they tell you to. So I bought the glossiest beauty book I could find. . . .

Husband: Sausages and mash again? *Me: I've spent a lot of money on cosmetics. Husband: Why? Me: I want to be beautiful and well-groomed. Husband: Uh-huh.*

First, after I had scrubbed my ankles and elbows raw with pumice stone, I spent two hours r-e-l-a-x-i-n-g in the "luxury of a perfumed bath." I smothered my face in rich cream. When I got out I tossed myself in talcum and deodorant.

I lay on my bed with my feet higher than my head and tried to think of nothing. (*The telephone rang twice, someone came to the door, and men were drilling a hole in the road outside.*)

After this I brushed my hair a hundred times, stroked it with a silk handkerchief, and dabbed it with cologne in all its many and various partings. I prodded round my nails with medieval instruments and varnished them.

I brushed and combed my eyebrows and mascaraed my eyelashes with quick, deft strokes. I smoothed on foundation cream and patted on powder.

I did ALL the beauty writers said.

Finally, I had to admit I looked all right. I gave my coat a final brush, climbed into the car and set off for the party.

. The tragedy is that when I got there I looked no better than usual.

MY nails got grubby during a battle to shut the car window so that my hair wouldn't blow about. (I had taken off my gloves so that *they* would keep clean.) My stockings were splashed because I could only park in a place which meant stepping out into a puddle. The aura of perfume I hoped was lingering about me was ruined by the smell of fish, which I *had* to buy for the cat.

Needless to say, every other woman at the party looked perfect.

HOW DO THEY DO IT?

I asked **Margaret Leighton,** who always looks perfect off the stage and on.

She admitted she was scrupulously tidy.

"When I want a pair of gloves I know they are in a certain drawer, clean and neatly folded. I always sew on hooks and mend tears *before* I put the garment away, instead of having to do it in a rush when I am dressing to go out.

"Then I avoid what I think of as dangerous garments. Blouses, for instance, are very dangerous. They always come untucked at the waist, droop after a few minutes of wearing and get dirty quicker than any other garment. But I do think smartness—in the sense you mean—takes oceans of time. When I'm very busy I just wear the same old cotton dress day after day and give up trying."

But even when she isn't trying, I have a feeling that Margaret Leighton's fingernails are never, never dirty.

MARGARET LEIGHTON
"—I avoid dangerous clothes"

I asked **Lady Pamela Berry**—mother of four children and president of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. She was just off to lunch at the Ritz and looked as though she had stepped out of a bandbox—although she assured me she was not *really* well-groomed.

"I never feel perfect. I upset my nail varnish and my dog always lies on my black suit. I've got over those problems by having my nails done at the hairdresser's and keeping a clothes brush in the car. *I simply don't have time to do everything the magazines say you should.*

"I think the only thing that saves me from looking a complete mess is that I do have a few dresses made of really good material. Good silk hardly ever needs ironing; good satin never creases either."

FINALLY, I asked **Wenda Parkinson,** who sometimes models for her husband, chief fashion photographer of a *very, very* glossy magazine. She had every sympathy with my problem because, she said, "As a schoolgirl I was hopelessly untidy and sloppy. Then, when I was about seventeen I suddenly got fed up with always looking awful and decided not to.

"The truth is, I love looking nice. I dress to please myself and take trouble even if I'm not seeing anyone all day."

"I dress to please myself"—Wenda Parkinson put her finger on the root of the problem. It isn't just that Margaret Leighton is tidy and I roll my gloves into dirty bundles at the back of a drawer. It isn't just that Lady Pamela Berry buys a few good dresses and I fall for the "bargain" every time.

It simply is that dressing well *pleases* them and so it isn't an effort.

I only dress to please others. When I am alone I don't bother with make-up or stockings. Dressing well is an effort.

This innate desire to look one's best, even for oneself, is obviously either given to you, or it isn't. I know it hasn't been given to me, but still *I won't give in.*

I shall go and wash that cotton dress which is bundled up in the boot of the car.

AUTUMN AIR . . . FOR ANY

Far left: Dereta's topcoat in a blue or grey pebbly tweed right for any country background. £12 12s. from Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford Street; Sellrights, Coventry. Worn with it, Jacqmar's spotted cravat, £1 6s. 9d., brogues £3 19s. 9d.; both from Russell & Bromley. *Left:* Her answer to His trench coat. Briefa jacket by Fashion Sports. In buff "duffle" cloth, with huge protective collar and leather buttons, £10 19s. 6d. from Thorntons, Leeds; Morgan Squire, Leicester. Honey calf shoes (with micro-cellular soles for lightness), £6 6s.

FASHION edited

by Anne de Courcy

Photographs: George Miles

Right: high-buttoning honey by Harella has raglan sleeves, huge patch pockets and the new cape collar. It's made of check Scotch tweed, in mixtures of either green or blue with grey. £17 6s. 6d. from Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road; L. G. Adams, Leicester. Scott's newest, perkiest beret, £2 15s.; tough, saddle-stitched coach hide bag for arm or shoulder, £2 10s. from Russell & Bromley. Gloves are Bryan's Country Style, with handcrocheted backs on Pittard's lamb glace, £1 14s., Marshall & Snelgrove branches

LANE

Left: Brenner's best-seller in snuff-brown tweed flecked with white has, behind, a low-slung half-belt and one deep inverted pleat, plus cloth-covered button trimming on belt and cuffs. Also in grey tweed, £16 16s. from Simpsons, Piccadilly; Jewsbury & Wilson, Manchester. Off-white felt hat is a wavy-brimmed Scotts Classic, with pleated crown, £2 15s. Dark crocodile shoes, £12 12s., and bag, £8 18s. 6d., from Russell & Bromley. Washable cream leather gloves, £1 11s. 6d. from all Plummer Roddis branches

Far right: chequerboard smartie by Crayson in gingerbread, white and black tweed, with slick black velvet collar. £13 2s. 6d. from Harrods, Knightsbridge; Leaders, Leeds. New cloche by Scotts Classics, £2 15s.; ginger-brown crocodile bag and shoes from Russell & Bromley. *Right:* smooth, smooth wool and mohair coat by Verner-vogue in taupe and green also has the velvet touch, £19 19s. from Dickins & Jones, Regent Street; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells. Scotts Classic taupe felt, £3 2s. 6d.

. . . ANY COUNTY TOWN

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ARDEN

(Continued from page 14)

student too, Monsieur?" Bridget managed to say, knowing she must not remain dumb.

"I am to be an architect."

"Then perhaps we shall meet at Art School," Helga suggested, dazzling him with a smile. "And now, forgive us, Monsieur, we have to hurry."

"*Au revoir, mesdemoiselles.*"

"Why did you say that, Helga, about Art School?"

The girls learned drawing from Mademoiselle Millet, who had strong grey hairs on her chin, and who resided at the top of six storeys of echoing stairs without a lift. She was afraid of gossip, and took no male pupils.

"To cheer him on his lonely way, darling, he's so divinely handsome," Helga tossed off carelessly.

Bridget felt a bubble of laughter. It was a warm happy proud feeling that surged up on a wave of love. Oh Helga! To be so beautiful. To accept success so casually, like a bunch of daisies.

He was on the same train next week, and looking out for them. Soon he knew which days they travelled into Geneva, and the times and station.

He was Arnaud. He came of good family, impoverished now like everyone else. They had let their large lakeside house to Americans, and were living in the lodge. He attended lectures in Geneva, and was expected presently to marry his cousin.

But in the meantime the look in his brown eyes deepened.

IT was soon known among all the pupils that Helga had an admirer, and most of them already saw her as a bride. But how were the young couple ever to meet alone?

Madame of the sandy hair and shallow green eyes knew far too much about the world to leave any young girl unprotected for a moment. The instructors in Geneva expected their pupils punctually, and lateness was immediately reported to Madame. It was impossible to slip off even to an illicit coffee in Geneva. The train was the only place where Arnaud and Helga could meet, and there the unwilling Bridget was always present.

At last Winter was turning into Spring. They toured into Italy—Milan, Florence Pisa. Bridget dreamed round the galleries, bewitched by all the rich old splendour of famous pictures.

Helga dazzled the Italians. But Bridget, too, had her successes. Italian eyes flashed their ready admiration upon her. When a street photographer gabbled at her with his postcard copies of a group photograph of the school, he pointed her out with one brown finger.

"The most beautiful of all!"

She smiled, though not taken in, and bought two copies, one for herself, and one to send her parents.

She cherished the remark, however silly it was.

Soon, the Italian tour was ended, and they were back at the Villa Chamonix to begin the Summer term.

Now the air was soft. Grass began to grow on the hockey fields and the sun shone on the vines. There were fluttering leaf-shadows under the trees, a gentle air, and flower perfumes.

Bridget came out with the warmth like a butterfly. On hot days one could float in the cool-tepid water, and look down through it to the lake-floor, twenty feet below, a blue-green silence rippled with shadows and sometimes crossed by fish.

Hot, hot Summer came, even the wind was hot. The vines grew luxuriant. Big cream roses bloomed around the Villa Chamonix.

Helga was almost grown-up now, and would be leaving at the end of the term.

It was time too. She hadn't been looking her best lately. She was bored and needed the responsibility of freedom instead of the now childish boundaries of school. She chafed to be adult.

THE thoughts of all the girls began to turn to the annual dance. Madame was now scouring round to find men. The white haired Professor of French Literature from Geneva would be one; he had promised to bring two friends and his choice could be trusted. That was three. There was M. Monet who taught music, and his two sons just old enough this year to attend.

Then Helga had an idea. She persuaded the Americans who rented Arnaud's family mansion to invite the entire *pensionnat* to tea one day, and Madame met Arnaud's mother.

"You have a son! Then perhaps, if you would allow him to attend a small dance we give at the school in the summer—has he any friends?"

Helga whirled Bridget round the bedroom on the loud floor. "It worked! It worked, *ma chere*! He's coming to the dance. Now I absolutely must have a new dress."

Bridget coloured, and Helga saw it. "I know what you're thinking, Biddy darling. The grey chiffon!"

"Oh Helga, *may* I?"

The grey chiffon had a satin sash of crimson lake—a wide and luscious sash for a small waist. Every time she thought of the grey dress, she felt a jump of pleasure.

On the morning of the dance, while the Swiss staff put finishing touches to the beautiful food, arranged the gladioli and ivy leaves, and re-polished the floor, the girls went to Geneva and had their hair done. In the afternoon they rested. Then they dressed themselves for the evening.

"Oh, you're beautiful, Helga," breathed Biddy. "It's an utterly magnificent dress."

"Zip it for me, while I hold my breath."

Biddy found the zip in the cloud of big blue dress and zipped it, and Helga fixed the swathe ends, weighted with ostrich feather. She looked like a prima donna—Brunhild of the Nibelungs.

Biddy dressed herself, the fresh underclothes on the bathed and powdered skin. She brushed three drops of light bright oil into her newly washed hair.

Now for the grey chiffon. It sank down over her, soft as smoke, and she tied the big gleaming sash. She went downstairs—cool and groomed and shining.

"Why Biddy, how nice you look."

"Why *Biddy*!"

Helga said: "I'd no idea that that was such a lovely dress till I saw it on you!"

The guests began to arrive, M. Monet, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, the professor and his friends, and at last Arnaud with his.

Biddy saw Arnaud's roving dark eyes sweep the bevy of young girls, and hot anger beat in her head. How dared he look so, when there was Helga in her blue ostrich plumes.

Suddenly Arnaud was bowing before Bridget with one of his friends.

"Miss Arden, may I present Monsieur Lefèvre."

The boy said gallantly, "Ah the beautiful Miss Arden. I have heard of you."

"A mistake," smiled Biddy. "You have heard of my sister, m'sieur."

"Oh no, mademoiselle. Of you."

Her eyes flashed to Arnaud, but it was not till she danced with him later that he answered.

"Surely you are not cross with me, Mademoiselle Bridget, for describing you as beautiful?"

"It was kind of you," she stammered, not knowing then that she was destined to remember those exact five pointless words for ever and ever.

Because next he said a terrible thing.

"But I wasn't just being kind. It is you they call the beautiful Miss Arden now. Not your sister."

She did not answer. She waltzed in perfect silence as the truth penetrated.

"Excuse me, M'sieur Arnaud. . . ."

THE mirror in the bedroom was the same mirror, but now it told the truth—great brilliant dark eyes, a porcelain skin over shadows, a cloud of dark hair with jewels in it. At her thin wrist, the blood beat in thin blue veins. She was a girl made of pearl and shadows, and luminous. The beautiful Miss Arden.

"Biddy, are you all right?"

Helga was at the door, blue ostrich filaments rippling airily about her queenly figure. And now Bridget saw her clearly. Helga had been too beautiful too young, and now the lines of her maturing shape were already plain to see. Already there was too much bust, and her neck too thick and red. The coming heaviness could be clearly traced. She was meaty, beefy, horsy. The powerful beauty of Boadicea and the Amazons was still hers, but for how long? The beautiful sister, the idol. . . . Biddy wrestled with agony.

"What's the matter, Biddy?"

" . . . Nothing."

"Then come on down. I know you're shy, but we've got guests. You mustn't give way to this, Biddy."

"No, I know."

"Because really you're beginning to look pretty good yourself, too, darling."

"Am I?" Biddy said. »»

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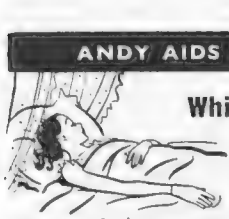

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These are the Gloves you have heard about

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Andy SLEEPING GLOVES

My son John...

DEAR EDITOR—I hope you can read my writing. Unfortunately I have to use my left hand.

You see, my car wouldn't go.

My wife and I were going for a picnic with the boy on Sunday. On Saturday I thought I would give the car a clean.

You don't see what that has to do with my hand . . . ? You will.

I cleaned the car all right, but it took longer than I anticipated because old Brown across the road wanted some advice on home decorating.

When I got back, I found the boy had put fingermarks over one of the front mudguards, so I had to clean it again.

After that, I thought I would run down to the local garage and fill up with petrol.

☆ ☆ ☆

I jumped into the car and confidently pulled the starter. There was silence.

I could not believe it. That sort of thing didn't happen to me. After the third attempt I found it did.

I opened the bonnet and stared bleakly at the oily contents.

HE came up just then. . . .

"Do you want to know how to make it go, Daddy?" he said.

"Oh, run away," I snapped.

An hour later, greasier and stickier, I threw down my spanner, slammed the bonnet and stormed into the kitchen.

"Won't it go, dear?" asked my wife.

"Do you think I'd be standing here like this if it would?" I shouted. "Do you think I like getting hot and dirty? Do you think . . . ?"

"Don't keep on and on," she said. "Sit back calmly for a while and try to reason it out."

"Stop talking nonsense!" I said.

"Well," replied my wife, "John says he knows what's wrong. Why not let him have a try?"

"Are you suggesting I let a five-year-old loose on my car?" I said icily.

"He can't do worse than you. It doesn't go, anyway."

I saw the point. . . .

☆ ☆ ☆

I took him into the garage. I opened the bonnet. "There. Do it!" I said.

Proudly he crawled up the mudguard and bent over the engine. He pulled off one sparking plug cap; then another. After that he changed them round and crawled down.

"Try it now, Daddy," he said.

I pulled the starter. A healthy exhaust note filled the garage.

I wiped the sweat from my forehead.

"All right son, you win," I said. "Now tell me the secret."

He moved towards the door.

"Well," he began, "while you were talking to Mr. Brown I wanted to have a look in the engine. Then I thought p'raps if I changed the wires. . . ."

He saw my face.

"Mummy!" he yelled. *"Mummy!"*

I reached the door a second too late.

That's why I'm writing with my left hand. My right is in bandages.

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if you're fastidious and feminine...

...choose the sanitary protection used by well-groomed women!

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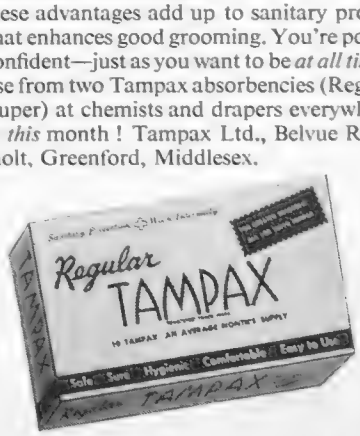


Invented by a doctor — now used by millions of women

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

(Continued from page 31)

and I hate you! I want to listen to music and learn to play the piano but you won't let me!"

He pushed one of the parts with his foot. His powers of expression amazed him.

"Now look at this! It's not music any more! It's just a machine! I hate it now! Take it away! Take it away!"

Alfred, too, was furious. Such unbridled rebellion he had never encountered. He swept up the parts into a heap. His voice was icy.

"All right. If that's how you feel, we'll pack up. No more musical box for you."

He tipped the bits into the empty, gaping box, forced the box into Robert's arms.

"There. I've done with you. Take this thing upstairs and shove it right at the other end of the attic. That's the end of it. Clear out."

It was cruel. It was unjust. For two days Alfred never spoke to him. On the third day he stopped him and said, in a surprised and embarrassed voice,

"So it's music in your blood, is it? Not nuts and bolts?"

Robert could only smile, shyly.

"I've been talking to your mother and we've decided to have the old piano done up. Then you can take some lessons."

Robert jumped. "Learn to play? Oh, Father!"

"Well, your music master at school seems to think you're pretty good." Alfred passed a hand over his face in a bewildered fashion. "I suppose this 'like father, like son' business doesn't always follow. Perhaps after all I've been wrong."

NO mention was made, ever again, of the musical box.

There it had stayed, disembowelled, hidden, until today. Even now he couldn't decide whether he was doing right or wrong. This was his last move. Sons must have their chances; fathers mustn't dogmatize. Ever since Phil had been born he had told himself that, over and over again.

The fact that he was a pianist needn't stop Phil from reaching the top of the tree in some other branch of the Arts—painting, literature, the stage, perhaps.

It would be Art, of course; no more mistakes like Alfred had made. No "nuts and bolts" in his blood.

So he had given Phil every opportunity. He had bought expensive books, allowed him access to art galleries and libraries, taken him to the theatre, and occasionally to the ballet or a symphony concert.

That was why it was so painful to have to admit that Phil, his own son, just hadn't that *something*, that spark to inspire an artistic talent.

At fourteen he played the piano—technically correct, artistically nondescript. He sketched, but the technique was too meticulous, too deadly accurate to be beautiful. He went to plays, but had nothing to add to Robert's tactfully suggestive criticism, unless it were an inquisitive comment on the lighting or stage sets.

And lately Phil had seemed withdrawn, preoccupied, restless. Growing up, I suppose, Robert had thought wearily. He watched him, evening after evening, fidgeting around until, at a decent interval after tea, he would get up and go out, with a muttered, half-ashamed excuse, "Well, I'll just go along and see Old Alfred." ("Old Alfred" was his affectionate nickname for his grandfather.)

Just why on earth the old musical box should be the answer to his problem Robert himself didn't pretend to know. Something, perhaps, hidden in his subconscious, which connected the childhood scene of long ago with the antipathy between himself and his own son. He wanted, in some inexplicable way, to solve Phil's problem as he had his own.

BELATEDLY, he found in his pocket a box of matches, and struck one. Goodness, there was more rubbish here than he'd realized—he ought to have tackled it years ago. He hoisted himself carefully over an old bedstead. There, that would be it, over there behind the cases of stuffed birds, relics of a past generation. The match went out. But he was just in the place now. He struck another. His hands trembled with anticipation. He stooped down to grasp it—but there was nothing there.

Only the bare boards, clean and free of dust, to mark the shape of the place where it had stood. . . .

He was shaken, dumbfounded. He struck another match. Nothing else had been disturbed. Only this, and lately, too. He stumbled back to the door, leaped noisily down two flights of stairs. His brain had begun to work at an urgent pace. He called to Anne:

"Where's Phil?"

She appeared from the lounge, startled.

"Goodness, what's the matter? And where have you been? We didn't wait tea. I thought you were out."

He shook her.

"Where's Phil?"

She wriggled herself free. "Don't, Robert. Phil's gone out. He's gone. . . ."

"To Old Alfred's, of course."

"Yes. But don't be cross. He's happy there."

Was it his fancy, or did he indeed see a look of entreaty in Anne's eye? He bent and kissed her.

"Never mind my tea. I won't be long. I've just thought of something I've got to say to Phil."

She gasped, "Darling, wait!" But he was gone.

It was only ten minutes' walk to the bungalow. Old Alfred himself opened the door. He looked surprised.

"Alfred, is Phil here?"

"Well," said the old man, blinking a little behind his spectacles, "he's—er—not exactly *here*; I mean, he's not in the *house*."

"But he came here, didn't he? You see, we always expect. . . ."

Alfred laid a hand gently on his arm. He led his son into the cosy living-room.

"Sit down, my boy, sit down. I'm glad you came. Perhaps we can have a little talk. Perhaps I might even help you—rather like you helped me to see the light some thirty years ago."

Robert nodded. The room was warm and quiet, the firelight comforting, and Old Alfred's voice kind, kinder than he had ever known it before. His excitement died away. Incongruously, he noticed the steady, even tick of the grandfather clock.

"You've had it mended, then? I thought it was past repair? You haven't done it yourself, with eyesight as bad as yours?"

"No, I'm afraid I can't tackle these jobs now. I—er—had someone in."

Robert glanced round.

"And you've got Mum's old sewing machine out again! Don't say that's going, too? What are you going to do with it? Sell it?"

Alfred rubbed his chin.

"Well, no, I hadn't really thought of selling it, not yet, at any rate. It needs a little more attention. I'll—er—have to speak to the young man who obliges me."

"M-m. . . . And the Hoover?"

"Yes, he's put that right, too."

"*And* the radio?"

"Oh, he's made a terrific job of that. Reception never better."

THEY gazed at each other, a long, long look. Old Alfred's eyes were mischievous, Robert's bright with the dawning realization within him. A vast and understanding silence rose about them.

Robert passed his hand over his eyes. Faintly, sweet and clear in the quiet of the room, came the tinkling notes of "The Bluebells of Scotland." *It was his old musical box. . . .*

He sprang up.

"Father, that's. . . ."

Old Alfred got up too. He moved towards the door and beckoned him.

"Don't talk. Just keep quiet and follow me. I think we have the answer to your problems here."

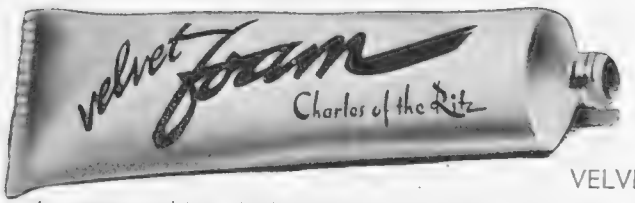
They went out through the kitchen, out to the hated workshop which was Alfred's pride and joy, and had been transplanted with him to his new home. The music was clearer. Alfred opened the door. . . .

Phil was bending over the musical box on the bench, absorbed. He turned to his grandfather, his eyes the eyes of a craftsman disturbed at his task, devoid of expression.

"Old Alfred, I adjusted the spindle, like you said, and it's much better. But I still think the drum needs. . . ." His voice trailed away as he became aware of his father, looking over the top of Old Alfred's head.

Robert rose nobly to the occasion.

"Hallo, Phil! Busy? May I come in?" »»



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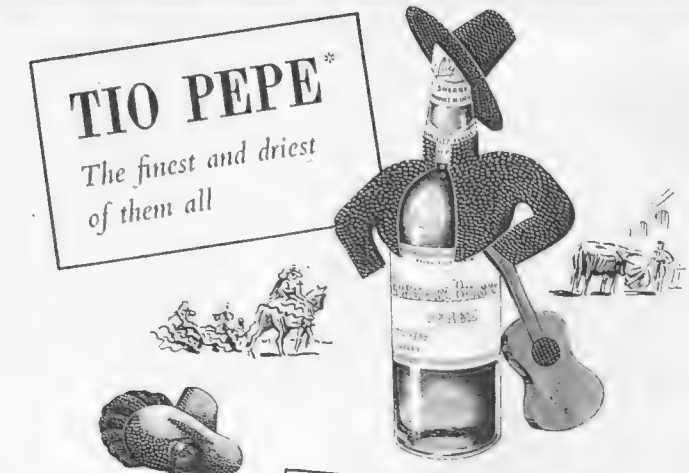

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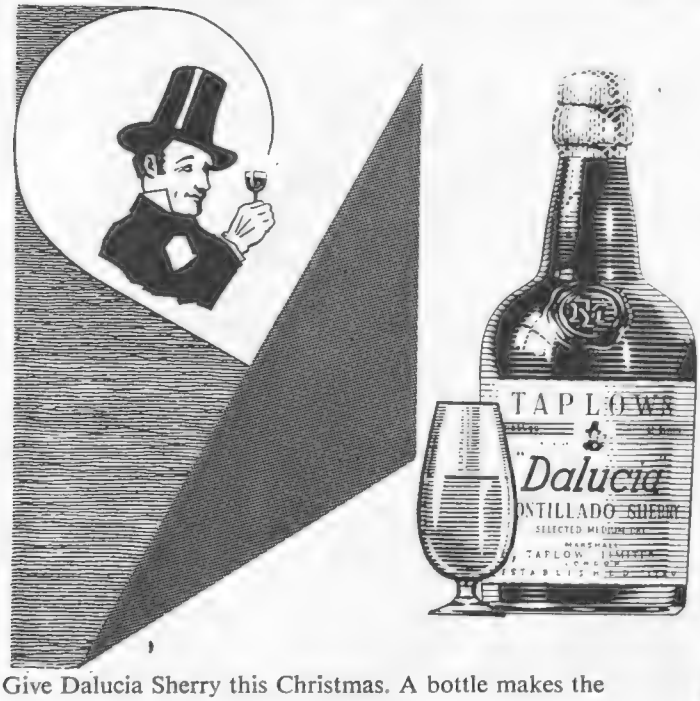

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WINE

Any time is sherry time . . .

SHERRY—for any time of the day. It's always acceptable. It's one of the most popular of all wines.

Yet how well do you *know* sherry?

No other single wine presents such a range of taste, bouquet and colour. It is rich and strong, travels well, does not deteriorate after the bottle is opened and is not affected by smoking.

Few people really know sherry in all its subtle gradations. All too often it is a thick, amber-coloured treacly liquid served up without thought or study.

To know sherry well is to be at least half way towards a full appreciation of all wines.

Strictly speaking, only wine grown from white grapes and made according to local practice round the town of Jerez-de-la-Frontera, in Andalucia, can rightly be called sherry.

But this wine—more popular in Britain and the U.S.A. than in Spain itself—has encouraged a host of imitators.

Look to the label to tell you genuine Spanish sherry, shipped by the well-known firms.

The best sherry comes from a whitish chalky soil, but all good wine develops a high proportion of iron and results from a combination of soil conditions and the exceptionally favourable Spanish climate—plenty of rain early in the year, light winds and hot dry sunshine from April until the September vintage.

☆ ☆ ☆

The grapes are pressed in the farmhouses in wooden troughs, usually by treading with special boots. The skins are not fermented with the grapes as with red wines.

Fermentation is immediate, and lasts at least three weeks. By then the wine has been sent to the shippers' premises or bodegas.

Now there develops the flor, the weird white growth, like shreds of cream cheese lying on top of the wine. Although regarded in other wine-making countries as a kind of disease, in Spain the flor is welcomed. Strangely enough, only some casks develop it. Often, others from the same vineyard never show a trace of the growth.

A wine with abundant flor becomes a Fino sherry, light in colour, delicate in flavour.

Wine without flor becomes what the Spaniards call Raya, usually known to us in the form of Oloroso. Here a quantity of grape-brandy has been added, possibly to check any potential appearance of flor, which makes the wine darker in colour, rich, strong and usually sweet.

Fine sherry also has brandy added to it, but only in very small quantities, insufficient to check the growth of flor.

The two types of sherry can always be told at a glance by their colour. The puzzlingly-named Amoroso sherry is of the Oloroso type, but softer and less rich. Brown sherry is darker still, with a slightly treacly flavour. To make this, and to add sweetness to all sherries which are naturally on the dry side, is added P.X., a rich sweet wine grown from the Pedro Ximenez grapes which are dried in the sun like raisins before pressing.

☆ ☆ ☆

The only other factor about sherry that many folk find puzzling is the famous solera system. Actually this is quite a simple, if unique method adopted for blending and maturing the wine, based on the marrying of younger wines with small quantities of older, and therefore richer, wines. The bodega is stacked to a fixed pattern with old wines at the bottom, young at the top. Sherry required for shipment is made up to various "prescriptions" with a little ancient wine, rather more old wine, and the rest varying degrees of younger wines. The spaces in the butts are then replenished with the next oldest wine working downwards.

The system ensures continuity of style and quality in any shipper's named brand, which is why sherry is always the same and never requires a vintage year.

Never despise the South African brands; these improve each year, and are inexpensive everyday substitutes for the Spanish product.

BACK OF MY MIND

A half-thought has been nagging, that in many ways I am doing better than I was, and treating myself better, yet I am letting a few pennies stand between me and the enjoyment of a very much better cigarette. From now on what was an occasional treat becomes my regular smoke.

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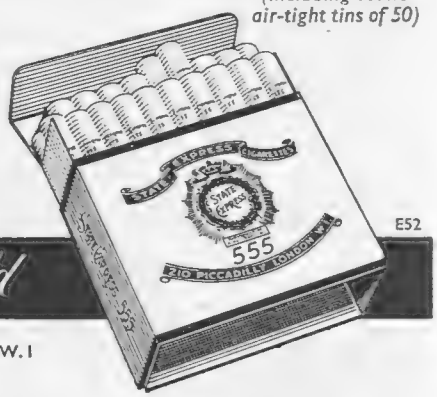

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FOOD FORUM

by Mary Steel

Fresh ways with fish

FISH plays a paradoxical rôle in the British kitchen. Fried fish is almost a national dish, but otherwise it is virtually ignored.

For those who take food values seriously, it is worth knowing that fish is rich in vitamins, proteins and phosphorus. Supplies of all kinds of fish are good in the shops this month so now is an excellent time to begin your conversion to fish in new guises.

I have just visited Mme Simone Prunier, who represents the third generation of a French family whose name has become synonymous with magnificent fish dishes. Prunier's of St. James's Street opened twenty-one years ago as a London partner to the Parisian restaurant, has the motto : "Everything coming out of the sea."

☆ ☆ ☆

Mme Prunier, chic, shrewd and artistic, is an inspired business woman. Ever since that opening night—with the Prince of Wales among the guests and Madame herself snatching a bouquet from the ladies' cloakroom to greet ex-Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain—the success of Prunier's has been assured.

Mme Prunier believes that the best cooks always make use of local produce. "Fish is magnificent in this country," she told me. "When my daughter — an artist — visits me from Paris, she never tires of saying how much better the fish is in London."

It is this which makes her believe it should be used to greater advantage in British homes. It is true, of course, that many fish dishes involve the preparation of complicated sauces. But there are recipes which are essentially simple.

Mme Prunier scouts the idea that only white wines can be served with fish. Dishes made with red wines may be accompanied by the same wines. You can use the remnants of a bottle for cooking as long as you filter red wine to avoid the deposit at the bottom.

First step to fish cookery is learning to shop for your fish. Here are Mme Prunier's tips :

"*The eyes must be bright, the colour of the gills rosy and the flesh firm, if the fish is fresh.*"

You can reckon that a fish weighing from 5 to 7 oz. will do for one person and those of ½ to ¾ lb. will serve two. A 2 lb. cut piece of salmon trout or salmon will be enough for six. A lobster weighing 1 lb. or just over is enough for two.

Mollusca and shellfish such as oysters, clams, cockles and mussels, should feel heavy and have their shells tightly shut. REJECT if the shells are open.

☆ ☆ ☆

HARENGS A LA BRETONNE

Egg and breadcrumb some soft-roed herrings and fry them in clarified butter. Remove the roes and rub half of them through a sieve. Mix a little Dijon mustard with the purée and add melted butter. Egg and breadcrumb and fry the rest of the roes. Arrange herrings on the purée and surround with the fried roes.

CABILLAUD A LA BOULANGÈRE

Put a cutlet of cod in a shallow fireproof dish, surrounded with quartered raw potatoes and well blanched little onions.

Season with salt and pepper and brush with melted butter and bake in oven, basting frequently with butter. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

YOU ARE THE GIRL

(*Continued from page* 18)

Purpose Emollient is one—this feeds and protects the skin as well as holding powder firmly. If a light cover is needed—to conceal small blemishes—Rose Laird Young Skin Protective Make-up Film is a good choice.

She's The Girl With Charm . . . and if you possess this indefinable facet of the personality it scarcely matters how you look or what you wear. People will be so busy enjoying what you *are* they'll barely notice the rest!

It's a quality that is hard to assess. Its ingredients are so many and so varied. That nebulous but very positive factor sex appeal—whether direct or otherwise—is undoubtedly one of them. So is warmth and friendliness based on a genuine interest in people.

The kind of good manners that are based on real consideration, vitality—though not necessarily of the bouncing, boisterous variety—together with enthusiasm and a lively, receptive mind may be ingredients. So may the unpredictableness, the changeability, the combination of sweet and sharp that add up to sheer femininity.

One thing is certain . . . charm is the outward reflection of real, existing qualities of mind, temperament and character.

JEAN RICHARDSON'S BEAUTY-BOX

News of latest buys for that party look . . .

RED—heartening, dramatic, positive—is a topliner on this Winter's fashion colour chart. Fingertip pick-up by Revlon is their just-out Cherries à la Mode, a clear deep ruby that'll emphasize a red dress or coat, spotlight your pale complexion and lily-white hands. Nail polish costs 5s. 10d., lipstick 8s. 3d. and—team work here—Saxone make shoes and bags, Dolores make hats—in the same bright colour.

Just in time for Winter party-going: the house of Lubin (one of the oldest *parfumeurs* in the business) are back again this side of the Channel. My tip is their latest creation, piquant Gin Fizz. Toilet water costs £2 8s. in decorative, spray-fitted bottle (refill £1 18s.); the scent is £2 18s. for a ½-oz. flacon (two larger sizes also).

PARTY pieces for your crowning glory come from Miners. They make one of the best and cheapest hair lacquers I've met: it costs 2s. 9d. (double-quantity refill 2s.). Squeeze the plastic bottle for a fine spray, then *quickly* comb your hair into the shape you're after—and it stays: come wind, weather or musical chairs. Miners also make gold and silver paint to tip brown or blonde curls; these Hair Streaks cost 3s. 6d. the bottle.

This year's fashion in faces is the Natural Look. Tangee's Liquid Rouge smoothes on like a dream, doesn't smear or "patch" round the edges, so that your cheeks are as innocently pink as a small child's. Price is 4s.; there are five shades.

Once a guide, always a guide, they say—so naturally I'm enthusiastic about any new be-prepared beauty tricks. Dorothy Gray has come up with a miniature toilet water bottle—pop this poppet into your handbag and be ready for any unexpected date. She makes her full range of toilet waters in this size, and the cost is 4s. 6d.

FOR sheer originality, my vote goes to Lancôme for their *Rose bleu* and *Rose blanc* lipsticks. It's the first and only time that I've seen a lipstick with such a markedly luminous quality—as though it contained white paint. *Rose bleu* is a pale, pale blue-pink, *Rose Blanc* is less blue but has the same "white-light" effect. Both cost 13s. 11d. (refill 8s. 6d.), matching nail varnish 9s. 2d., and rouge 9s. 5d.

More lipstick news comes from Coty. Their 24 lipstick has a round-the-clock staying power: even when you wipe it off at night, the colour stays put. So you needn't, any longer, wake up a paleface. In snappy scarlet and white case, the cost is 7s. 6d., switch-stick refill 5s.

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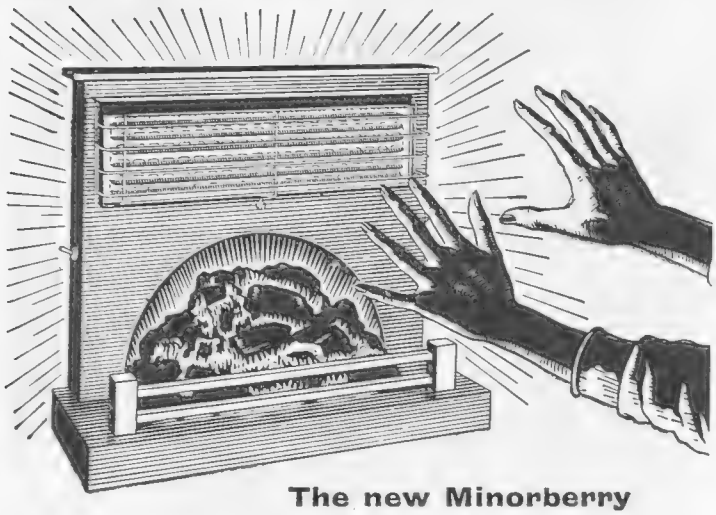

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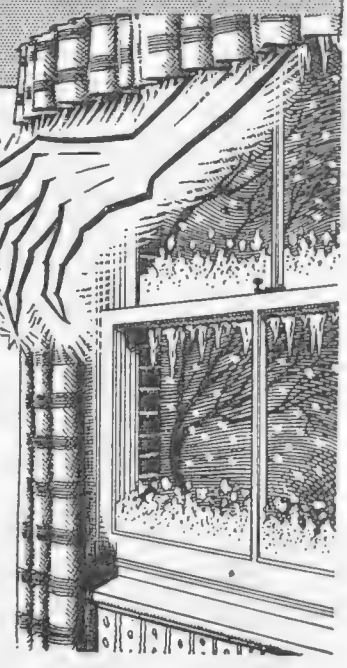

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THE FLOODS OF FEAR

(Continued from page 23)

him well—habits, appetites and drives. In normal times, Jack Murphy spent three evenings in five at home. He entertained a lot in the big fieldstone-and-siding house he'd built on the hill overlooking West Mills. He was proud of his house, proud and jealous of it, as he was of everything he owned. He liked to stand in front of the huge fireplace, drink in his hand, a smile on his face, giving his impression of the man he thought Jack Murphy was. But he wouldn't be there, not with the big river on the rampage.

The streets of the lower town, the business district, the residential areas, north and south, would be under water, three feet and more. Along the edge of the main channel, at the anchorages and moorages, the full and brutal force of the flood would be felt the most. Jack Murphy would be here, certainly, at the Murphy Construction Moorage. All that he valued was here—floating pile drivers, floating cranes, dredges, barges, tugs and launches. He would be fighting to save them, fighting as savagely as he'd fought to get them.

And how to kill him? A careful man would use a gun and do the job from a distance, safely beyond Jack Murphy's reach. But what possible satisfaction could there be in killing the man at a distance? Where was the grip of the hands? How could the man know who was killing and why? No. He had to hunt Jack Murphy down and have him in some closed space, without a gun or a knife or club for either one. Donavan didn't know how it would come about, but he knew it would.

"Yes," he said. "Soon."

(Read on next month)

END OF A MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 48)

Any father who has been asked by his son, *"Aren't you going to live with us any more? Don't you love Mummy any more?"* will know how this thorn festers the conscience.

When I saw the children there was a wall between us. I tried to tell myself that when they reached their late teens we might come together. My divorce solicitors said that often occurred.

But I found it hard to listen with sympathy to professional advisers who had built up a case out of the intimacies of my married life, who from their dusty shelves looked up precedent from previous broken marriages and heartaches to advise me on how best to deal with mine.

Perhaps it is clear now that the husband can suffer too in divorce. Inevitably, and rightly, the spotlight of social commentary tends to settle on the wife left to cope with two children and no man about the house. I do not think many ex-husbands have the whale of a high old time that people imagine.

You may see them merry over whisky, dancing with a pretty girl; you may see them fishing and solitary, or still turning up to the bridge club. *You may hear them laugh, but they are seldom happy.*

I do not think that what I have written is particular to myself. I have talked with other ex-husbands. Most agree that the break-up is something they would not go through again, that hatred is a fickle fellow who will not stand by you shoulder to shoulder over the months. He comes and goes, and when he is gone you remember her laughter or her omelets, or how scared she was the time she bathed the first child.

Perhaps in reading this you may think: this man still loves his wife. Very likely he does. Very likely, deep in her heart, she, too, is trying to bury love as he is doing.

Probably thousands who have walked under the tragic archway to divorce still really love each other.

It is significant how often those who re-marry choose a partner so similar to the one they divorced.

I think it very, very sad that all that a man learns at the expense of his first wife should be lavished to the contentment of his second. For unless a time comes when man can learn to live with woman (and the onus is on him) the future in all its spheres is dark. *For marriage is life, and divorce, finally, is defeat.*

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

—EVE'S inquiry into the secrets of success—has had to be postponed due to the illness of our consultant psychiatrist.

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(Above) LEAFLET No. 1089 contains instructions for knitting this twin set in W.G. "Springtime" 2-ply or "Cashmere" 3-ply hand knitting. In 5 sizes from 32in. to 40in. bust.

(Right) LEAFLET No. 1092 Contains instructions for this Cocktail Dress and Stole in W.G. "Springtime" 2-ply, "Springtime" Tinsel Bouclé or "Dragonfly" botany and tinsel. To fit 34in. to 38in. bust.

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— and talking of BOOKS . . .

He made pearls a girl's best pal

DIAMONDS may be a girl's best friend, but pearls are her workaday pal. That is, since the advent of the cultured pearl. Like so many cheap reproductions around today, it's Japanese in origin. But its invention, development, and eventual marketing, as told by Robert Eunson, are the story of one incredible man. **Mikimoto, The Pearl King** (Angus & Robertson, 16s.) entered the world of commerce at the age of eleven, peddling vegetables by day and noodles by night.

Mikimoto knew that a pearl was an oyster's way of covering up an unpleasant intruder —grit, shell, or coral—in its shell. Could he himself *insert* a foreign body—thus forcing the oyster to create a pearl?

For fifteen long years he experimented; sank his money in "farms" of oysters laid along the sea bed; watched the oysters die of disease, adverse tides, or marauding fish; found those which survived were pearl-less, having spat out the grit; succeeded in producing semi-circular pearls; and eventually, having lost fortune, "face" and wife, found five perfect pearls, result of his last experiment.

Mikimoto developed an industry complete with factory, diving girls, and worldwide markets. When he died at the age of ninety-four, his "farms" were producing ten million pearls annually. Incidentally, en route to this pinnacle he showed himself the possessor of a publicity sense unequalled since Cleopatra unrolled herself from the carpet at Caesar's feet.

☆ ☆ ☆

In **A Certain Smile** (Murray, 8s. 6d.), Mlle Sagan offers us the ingredients as before ("before" being the incredible *Bonjour Tristesse*). The "I" is again a precocious young girl, Dominique—narrow and dark and fatally prone to boredom—who is introduced by boy friend Bernard to his uncle Luc. Luc and wife Françoise, golden and generous, take up the young couple, wine, dine, and befriend them generally.

But Luc—also easily bored —shows an inclination to befriend Dominique in particular. She, with a moral sense as rudimentary as the legs on a snake, is unwilling to hurt Françoise, yet drifts into an intrigue and a fortnight-long weekend at Brighton—sorry, Cannes. But Luc does not love her; and she suffers. Terse, tense and evocative, this is a book written with a diamond-sharp pen.

☆ ☆ ☆

QUICK LOOKS

The Truth Will Not Help Us, by John Bowen (Chatto & Windus, 12s. 6d.). Can you imagine the hysterical Salem witch-hunts of seventeenth-century America conducted by the Committee of Un-American Activities? No? Then picture English sailors, bored and brawling, in the small-town life of a Scottish harbour. Some of the local lads have disappeared—is this the ship that shanghaied them? A whispering campaign starts, and an investigation, contemporary-style, is ordered. Three victims are hanged, Televiewers all over the country watching this between-commercials entertainment. Adventure, irony, character delineation—the case histories of the investigated sailors are extraordinarily good—combine to make this a strange new novel.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dancers Tomorrow, by Naomi Capon (Brockhampton Press, 12s. 6d.). Approved by Ninette de Valois, foreworded by Arnold Haskel, this is the story of a potential dancer's training at the Sadler's Wells School from the age of ten until she graduates to the *corps de ballet* at Covent Garden. A fascinating exposition of the hard work, discipline and vocation needed to float across the most exacting and bewitching of stages.

Sunk Island, by Hubert Nicholson (Heinemann, 13s. 6d.). A fine Yorkshire love story between an East Riding farmer, eldest of a patriarchal family, and a nervy, skinny, exciting young thing from Sunk Island (land reclaimed from Humber Estuary). Strengthening the mixture is a murderous flood.

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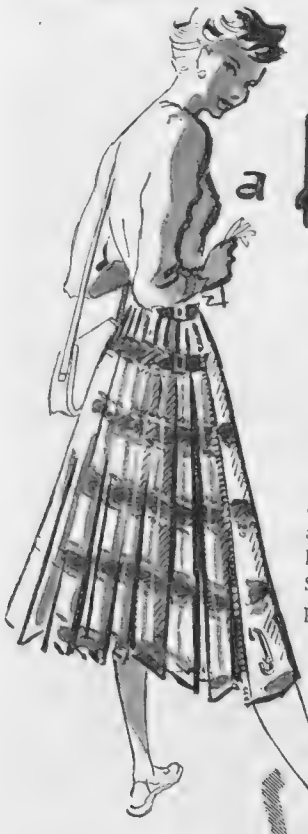

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Be a coddler!

"*THE owl and the pussy-cat went to sea . . .*" but they carried more than just honey and money. The cat, in her vanity, took a bottle of sun-tan oil; the owl, in his wisdom, took cod liver oil.

When they had sailed for several weeks in their beautiful pea-green boat, the pussy-cat was a lovely golden brown. She was quite entranced with herself—until one night it rained very hard. Her fur, with the natural oil burnt out of it, was no protection at all. She sneezed and sneezed. . . .

The owl picked up his small guitar and sang to the stars above: "*O lovely Pussy, O Pussy my love, what a rheumicky Pussy you are. . . .*"

He began to give her daily doses of his cod liver oil. In a week her coat regained its silken sheen and her sneezes disappeared.

Very funny. But what has that do do with me, you ask.

Quite a lot. We're often lulled into false security by the glow of sun-tanned toddlers or schoolchildren bursting with devilment after long days in the open. Winter's fog and chill will soon use up that precious sunshine, and leave them with no defence when they need it most.

☆ ☆ ☆

For a few pence a week you can get a resistance builder that will last the whole year round. Cod liver oil is the easiest and cheapest protection against coughs, colds and sore throats.

Fisherfolk in Norway, Scotland and Iceland have been taking it for generations. Unlike the "eye of newt and toe of frog" so popular with witches, its ancient use was not based on superstition. They were aware of its remarkable power to prevent illness and especially to cure bone and eye diseases.

In the 1750s, Dr. Samuel Kay of Manchester Royal Infirmary was distributing fifty to sixty gallons of oil a year—mostly to the poorer people of the city. Cod liver oil was then a very different product to the almost tasteless one of today. Because the livers were allowed to rot before draining, the oil was dark and dirty with a revolting smell. It was surprising that Dr. Kay could persuade his patients to take it. But he noted that they clamoured for it to cure almost every kind of lameness.

Recently the Ministry of Health made a careful study of thirty-seven children who had little or no cod liver oil, and fifty of the same age who had it regularly. Of those without it, only thirty-two per cent were judged to be in good health compared with sixty per cent of those who took it.

☆ ☆ ☆

Even more important is that none of the children receiving cod liver oil showed any sign of rickets. Six of the others were suspected of being in the early stages, and many more showed a poor rate of bone formation.

What is it in cod liver oil that is so potent? It contains vitamins A (essential for formation of bone tissues and cartilage) and D (sunshine vitamin), fatty acids—which are needed but cannot be made by the body—and pure animal fat. Also small quantities of iodine and other substances of value.

The oil itself is an energy food, providing concentrated body fuel in the same way as butter. Two teaspoons contain as much vitamin D as three pounds of butter.

Whether you are young, middle-aged or elderly—for your health's sake start taking two teaspoons a day regularly.

Fighting points for all-year-round use: bone building and strengthening, protection against skin troubles, diseases of throat and chest, and an aid to good sight. Whatever one's diet, a maximum daily dose assures the body's minimum needs of vitamins A and D.—*R. S.*

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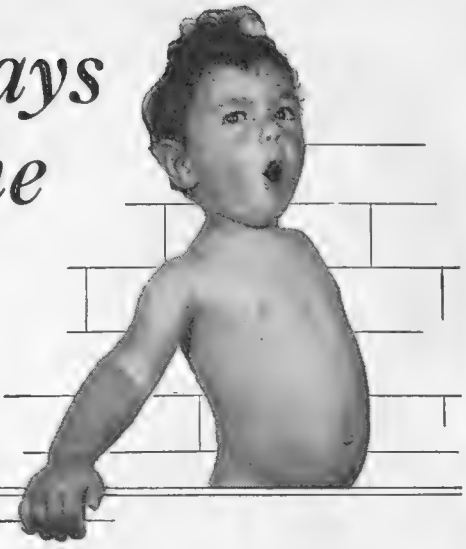

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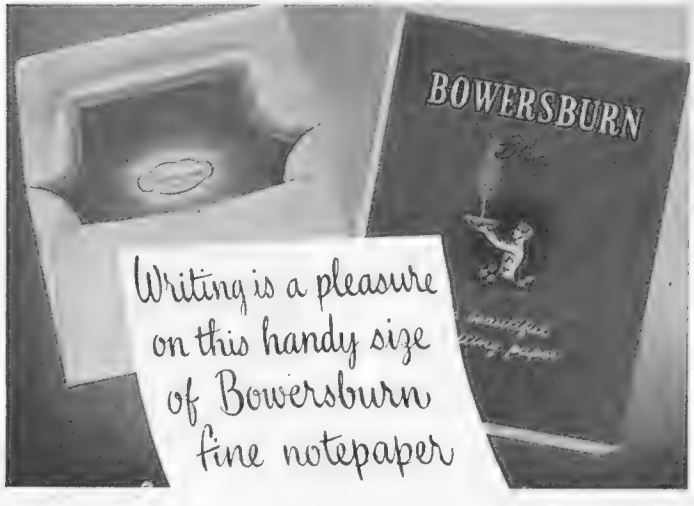

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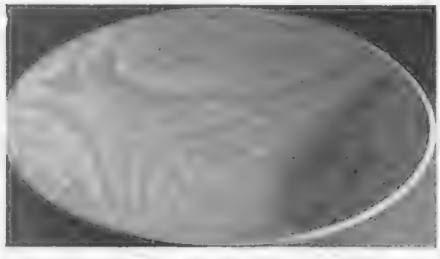

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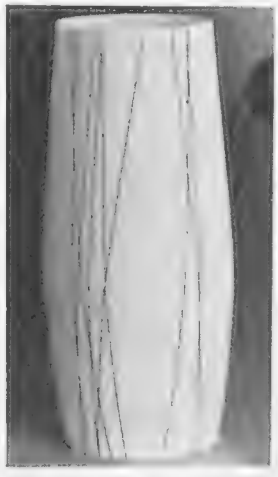

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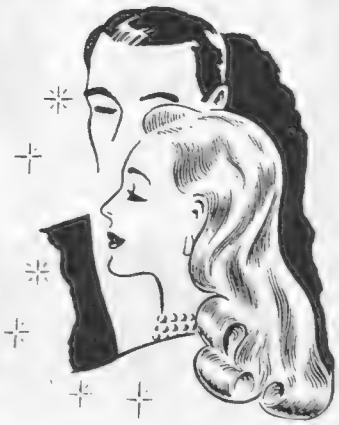

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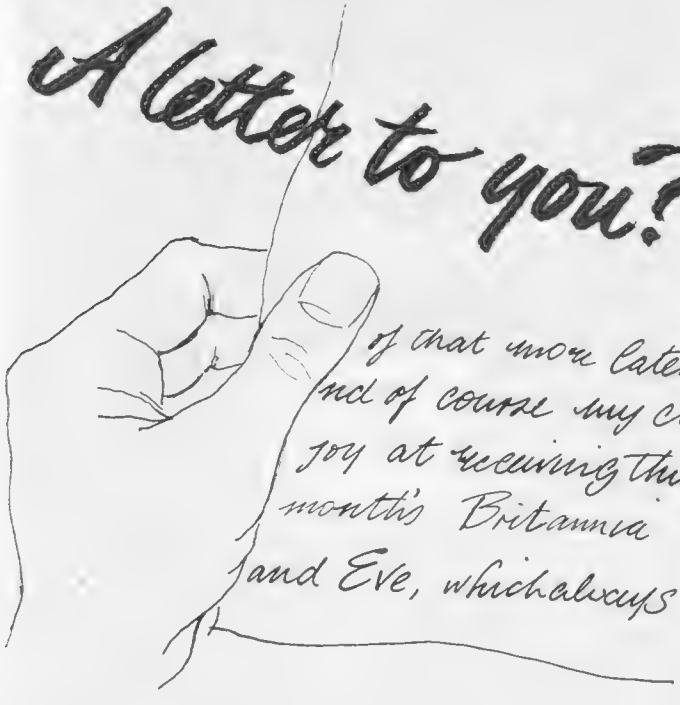

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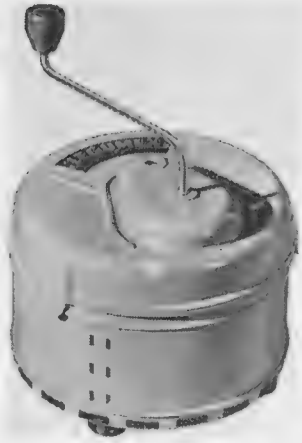
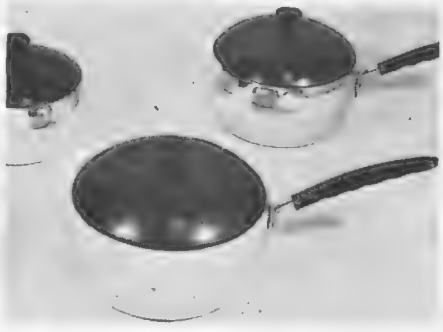
Potatoes peeled in a jiffy—just turn the handle a few times and they're ready. Legumex potato peeler peels all root vegetables, is a welcome addition to your household gadgets. Costs £3 9s. 6d. From Gamages, Holborn, E.C.1





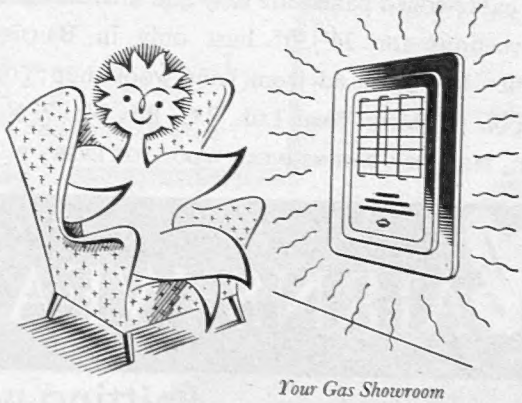
Add sparkle to your kitchen: Mirroware Colorama saucepans come with red, gold and blue lids and a brand-new shape. The handle has ridges underneath for non-slip gripping. Set of three saucepans and a frying pan costs £5 19s. From Selfridges, W.1

Time for stews: this stew-pot from Thistle Potteries is made in one size only. Delightful with a pale blue background with a yellow, orange and dark blue decoration, 17s. 6d. Harrods, S.W.1

No rust, no noise: polythene-minded home-makers will like this pail, surprisingly light to carry and easy to pour from. Holds 1½ gallons. Comes in green or red. Price 17s. 6d. From William Pape, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1

Multi-purpose cleaner: for anything and everything from carpets to cuffs. Gently squeeze the container and rub away dirty marks with the brush head. Costs 6s. 6d. From Gamages, E.C.1

THERE'S nothing more downright efficient than a modern Gas fire. From the moment you light it you feel the warmth stealing swiftly into every corner of the room. And economical too—you can turn it up or down in an instant, keeping the room warm and cosy whatever the weather outside.



Your Gas Showroom has an absolute fashion show of new models for you to see. Why not look in next time you are shopping?

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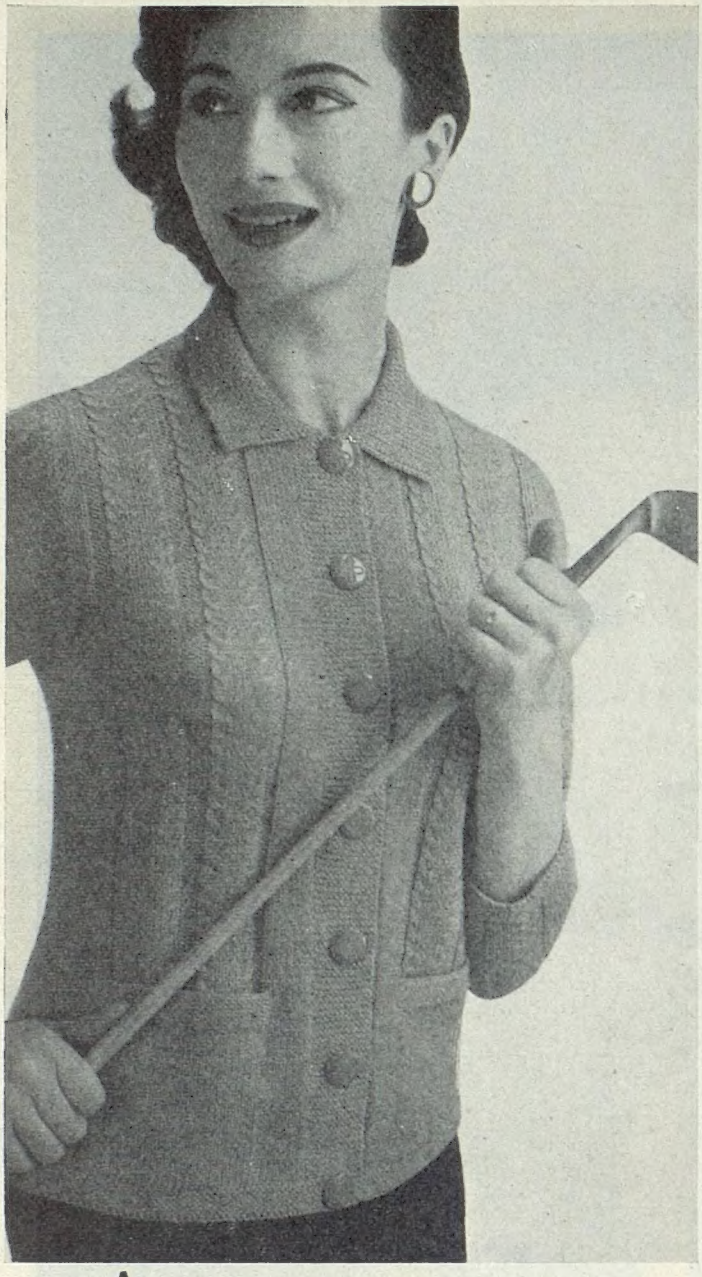

As useful as it's handsome: a collared jacket in BAIRNS-WEAR SCOTCH KNITTING or GHILLIE FINGERING—4-ply. Both are hard-wearing wools of excellent value. The cable-edged panels are easy and interesting to knit. Instructions for 34"/36" bust only in Bairns-Wear Leaflet 706, price 6d from your wool shop; or send coupon to Bairns-Wear Ltd., P.O. Box No. 7, Nottingham. THERE'S A BAIRNS-WEAR WOOL FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

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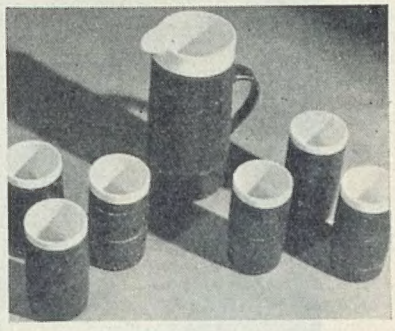
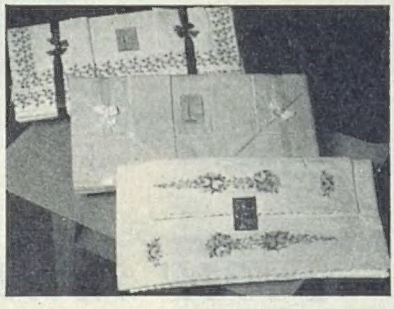
Salt to taste: perk up your breakfast table with a gay new condiment set. This one by Susie Cooper is prettily decorated with an airy-thistle design. Costs £1 6s. From Harrods, S.W.1

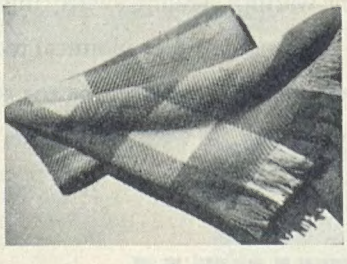
Cool, clear water... tempting you from this black and white earthenware clay water set. Jug and six tumblers. £4 5s. 2d. From Briglin Pottery Ltd., 66 Baker Street, London





Everwear "Romany" sheets, embroidered with petit point hem and pillowcase. Single £9 19s. 6d.; double £13 13s. 6d.; "Boudoir," inset of reproduction spoke-stitch. Single £4 7s. 6d.; double £5 15s. 6d.; "Richelieu," sprigged embroidery hem and pillowcases. Single £5 5s.; double £6 16s. 6d. Selfridges

Pheasants at your table: an Irish linen luncheon set consisting of four mats and four napkins. Available in four different colour settings. Made by Mill House Fabric. Set costs £1 9s. 6d. Peter Jones, London, S.W.1



Cosy comfort: pamper yourself on long cold journeys with a travel rug. This one, by Vantona, comes in beautifully muted colour combinations, is sold in a polythene pack. Costs about £1 7s. 11d. Daniel Neal, W.1

1.10.56

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